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Washington and Lincoln Anniversary




I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true; I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have.

—Abraham Lincoln.

I am resolved that no misrepresentations, falsehoods, or calumny shall make me swerve from what I conceive to be the strict line of duty.

—George Washington.

LINCOLN
CENTENNIAL
NUMBER



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STATUE OF LINCOLN BY ST. GAUDENS.

God make us worthy of the memory of Abraham Lincoln.
—Phillips Brooks.



Colorado Memorial Day Annual



Lincoln Centennial Number
1909



Compliments of

The Department of Public Instruction

State of Colorado

Katherine M. Cook
Superintendent.

Washington's Coat of Arms



Compiled and Issued by

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*The sun set, but set not his hope,
The stars rose; his faith was earlier up.
Fixed on the enormous galaxy, deeper and older seemed
his eye.*

*Matched his sufferance sublime the taciturnity of time.
He spoke, and words more soft than rain
Brought the age of gold again.
His action won such reverence sweet
As hid all measure of the feat.*

—Emerson.





LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS.



Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now, we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation—or any nation so conceived and so established—can long endure.

We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who have given their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add to or to detract. The world will very little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather, *to be dedicated* here, to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from those honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.





Open the Memorial Exercises by singing the following, to the tune of "America":

Lincoln, so good and great,
Whose firmness saved the State,
Is loved by all.
His praises ever rise
Unto the fair blue skies,
His glory never dies,
Lincoln, the Great.



TRAITS OF CHARACTER.



Lincoln.

The rectitude and patience of the rocks.
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn.
The courage of the bird that dares the sea.
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves.
The pity of the snow that hides all scars.
The loving kindness of the wayside well.
The tolerance and equity of light.

—*Edwin Markham.*

Washington.

Serene and steadfast as the hills.
The cheer of lighthouse in the night.
A patriot to the people true.
The wisdom of the thoughtless bee.
A strength like air that yields yet holds.
The eloquence of wordless worth.
A conscience sleepless as the stars.

—*Edward A. Horton.*





POINTS OF SIMILARITY.



Both had studious tastes.

Both were self-reliant and masters of themselves.

Both were very tall men, and had large hands and feet and enormous strength.

Both were early called to public usefulness.

Both had gray eyes.

Both at times talked much, but never about themselves.

Both held attention absorbed when they did speak.

Washington left the hall of the assembly when his name was mentioned as commander-in-chief. Lincoln replied, when spoken of in connection with the presidency: "I do not think myself fit for the presidency."

Their early public life was marked by military connections—Washington as colonel in Virginia, Lincoln a captain in the Black Hawk war.

Both learned to become masters of strategy.

Both served terms in the nation's legislative body. Washington was a member of the Continental Congress; Lincoln served a term in Congress.

Both served in the legislative bodies of their own states—Washington in the Virginia House of Burgesses, Lincoln in the Illinois legislature.

Both were prominent in their own states long before they became known to the country at large.

Both were born in February.

Both acted as surveyors in early life.

Both served two terms as president.

—*American Primary Teacher.*





POINTS OF CONTRAST.



Washington was born in 1732, of aristocratic family—Lincoln in 1809, reared in poverty.

Washington was six feet, two inches tall, graceful—Lincoln was six feet, three inches, awkward.

Washington was not an orator, given to stage fright when speaking—Lincoln was an orator, and never disconcerted before an audience.

Washington had a good education under private tutors—Lincoln had a meagre education, obtained in a country school and hard night study.

Washington did not tell humorous stories in making a point—Lincoln found an indescribable power in stories, and never saw a time too serious to use one in expressing his impressions.

Washington was a slaveholder—Lincoln brought freedom to slaves, and abolished the institution.

Washington was an expert horseman—Lincoln was awkward on a horse.

Washington had a hot temper, but mastered it on most occasions—Lincoln never displayed any temper, but was good-natured under all conditions.

Washington was not easy to approach; held himself aloof in formality—Lincoln denied himself to no one, and met strangers on a common level.

Washington among his intimates could talk earnestly, impressively and freely—Lincoln in conversation was original, fascinating, presenting a mixture of mirth and melancholy that kept the listener oscillating between laughter and tears.





The story of Lincoln's life for the lower grades. Assign each pupil a paragraph to be committed and recited.

1. Abraham Lincoln was born one hundred years ago. His birthday was February 12.

2. Lincoln was born in a little log-house in the woods.

3. Bear skins were hung across the doors and windows to keep out the cold.

4. Little Abraham used to lie on his bed at night and look out between the logs at the stars.

5. He slept on a bag of leaves on the floor. There was no upstairs to his house.

6. They didn't have much to eat. Sometimes they had to shoot birds and animals for food.

7. There were no stores where Lincoln lived, so his mother had to make his clothes.

8. Once she made him a little suit out of the skin of a bear. He had a funny little coon-skin cap with the tail hanging down behind.

9. He never wore stockings. Once his mother made him some leggings of deer skin and some slippers of bear-skin.

10. They were very poor people. His father could not read or write. His mother liked to read and used to teach Abraham.

11. Lincoln had a good mother. He loved her, and was always good to her. This is what his mother said about him: "Abraham was a good boy. He never gave me any trouble. He never said an unkind word to me. He always tried to help me."

12. When Abraham was five years old he went to school. He had to walk two miles to school.

13. His teacher said, "Abe was a good boy. He liked to study, and learned his lessons quickly."

14. He had no pencils or paper. Sometimes he did his number work on a shovel with a piece of burnt wood for a pencil.

15. He went to school just one year. Then he had to go to work and help his father.





16. Once two men asked Abraham to row them across a river. They paid him two silver half dollars. This was the first money he had ever earned. Abraham was so happy that he almost cried. He felt as rich as a king.

17. In the evening when his work was done he would study.

18. They had no lamps. Abraham used to sit by the fireplace in the evening, and study by the light from the fire.

19. They had only three books in the whole house. He read these over and over again.

20. Once a man let Abraham take a book about Washington. He read it night and day, and took it to bed with him. When he went to sleep he would put it in between the logs. One night there was a hard snow storm. The snow came in between the logs and spoiled the book. Poor little Abraham almost cried. What would the man say, and how could he ever pay for the book! He took the book back to the man and showed it to him. Then he told what had happened. The man knew by the boy's honest eyes that he was telling the truth. "What can I do to pay for the book?" asked the boy. "Will you *work* to pay for it?" said the man. "Yes, I will do anything," answered Abraham. "Well, you may draw corn for me for three days," the man said. "Then you may have the book." This was the first book Abraham Lincoln ever bought.

21. Abraham Lincoln was a very strong boy. He liked to run and jump like other boys.

22. Abraham liked to wrestle with the other boys, but always played fair.

23. He liked to tell funny stories, and every one liked to hear his stories.

24. When Lincoln was a young boy his playmates used to like to hear him make speeches. He made very good speeches, and the boys would cheer him, and wave their hats. Once, one of the boys picked up a turtle, swung it around his head again and again, and then let





it drop at Lincoln's feet. The poor turtle was badly hurt and his shell was broken. It could hardly move. When Lincoln saw it he was very angry, and said, "Who did that? The boy who did that is a coward!" Every one knew Lincoln was right, and the boy who did it was very much ashamed.

25. He always worked very hard. He wanted to become a great man.

26. Abraham Lincoln was always honest. People called him "Honest Abe."

27. When Abraham Lincoln was a young man he worked in a store. Once a poor woman came to buy something. Lincoln made a mistake and asked her six cents too much. That evening, after the store was closed, he walked three miles in the rain to tell the woman about his mistake and to give back to her the six cents.

28. Lincoln was always kind. Once he was out riding, all dressed up in his best clothes. He thought he wouldn't spoil his clothes helping some pigs, so he drove on. But he couldn't help thinking about them. By and by he went back and pulled all the little pigs out of the mud. "I spoiled my new clothes," he said, "but I took a big pain out of my heart."

29. Abraham Lincoln was for many years a lawyer, He was very wise and fair, and when people got into trouble they would go to him for help.

30. He was always glad to help any one, but he would never tell or act what was not true or take any money to help a man who had done wrong.

31. All over the country people heard what a great man Lincoln was.

32. Our country was in trouble. People wanted a wise and brave man for president.

33. They said, "Lincoln will make us a good president, and help our country just as George Washington did."

34. So they chose Lincoln and he went to live in the beautiful White House in Washington.





35. He lived in the same house where President Roosevelt lives now.

36. Very soon there was a dreadful war and hundreds of men gave up their lives.

37. A great many of the soldiers were buried at Gettysburg, where there had been a terrible battle. President Lincoln once made a wonderful speech at this cemetery. Many people think it was the best speech that he ever made. Since then it has been read and spoken by thousands of men and boys all over this country.

38. Lincoln helped to stop the dreadful war. He loved every part of the country.

39. People said, "Let us have Abraham Lincoln for our president again."

40. One day a wicked man shot and killed him.

41. The whole country was very sad. Every one had lost a good friend.

42. We always like to keep Lincoln's birthday, because he did so much for our country.

43. Abraham Lincoln was a hero. He was never afraid to do right.





Cut large letters from card board. Assign letters and corresponding verses to different children.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, 1809—1909.



A stands for Abraham, surely it does.

B stands for Brave which the boy always was.

R is for Ready to do good to all.

A is for Amiable, always at call.

H is for Honesty, early and late.

A is Attention to all who await.

M is his Might in his very hard part.

L is the Love which he had in his heart.

I is his Interest in great and small.

N is the Nation he loved best of all.

C is the Cheer that he brought to all men

O is Obedient, as he was then.

L is the Loyalty shown to his land,

N is his Nature, so simple and grand.





LINCOLN.



(An exercise for seven children.)

(Pupils march in singing the following words to air, "America"):

We march with hearts so true,
Our tributes to renew
To a hero dear;
His life we emulate,
We crown him good and great;
Each year we celebrate
His life so dear.

First child (holding up letter)

L stands for Lincoln.

Second child

I hear he was always generous, loving, and honest.

Third child

No one was more loyal and tender than he.

Fourth child

Come listen to the stories we shall tell of his honest, unselfish devotion to his country.

Fifth child

Our Lincoln is a good example of the lofty patriot and statesman.

Sixth child

Like him, may we have the faith that "right makes might."

Seventh child

Never will the Nation forget how he preserved the Union.

All

O Lincoln! Great, and wise, and good,
Our homage to thee is due;
And may we ever strive to become
So just, so loyal, and so true.

(Pupils march away singing the following to the tune of "Hold the Fort"):

Now for him who saved our country,
Let our banners wave,
Honor him, the hero lying
In his lowly grave;
And the children of the nation,
May they keep for aye,
Just as now we all are keeping
Sacred his birthday.





PICTURES OF LINCOLN.



Alice E. Allen in Primary Education.

In central position on stage, arrange a large frame, so that each scene, given by pupils back of it, will look to audience like a picture in the frame.

The frame may be made of strips of gilt or wooden mouldings; of any strips of wood wound with red, white and blue bunting or cambric; or of heavy pasteboard. It must be artistic as well as strong and steady. Over the top are draped two large flags.

If impossible to arrange the frame, the pictures may be given as tableaux.

A curtain, or screen, must be arranged before the stage.

Pupils selected for the pictures should be chosen with reference to their ability, and their appreciation of the parts assigned them. Other pictures may be substituted if preferable.

Pupils not taking part in the pictures are seated in front seats facing the stage, and as near it as possible. The songs and quotations suggested for them may be given from their seats. Others may be substituted. During the necessary wait, while pictures are being changed, these pupils may sing patriotic airs.

I STORY TIME.

Shows Mrs. Lincoln seated in a chair. On her lap is a book. Over the arm of her chair leans Sarah Lincoln. On the floor by her side, his eyes intent upon her face, is Abraham Lincoln. All are poorly dressed. Make poses natural.

While this picture is shown, a selected pupil from those in seats recites simply (here and throughout, vary text as much as desirable, adding to it, or taking from it)

When Abraham Lincoln was a boy, he lived in a rude log cabin. At night, when the work was all done, Abraham's mother would call her two children to her, and, sitting down with them, would read stories to them. One of little Abraham's favorite books was "The Life of George Washington."





School (recites)

All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother—blessings on her memory!—*Abraham Lincoln.*

School (sings)

"The Little Log Cabin" (found elsewhere in this issue).

II SCHOOL DAYS.

Shows Abraham Lincoln flat on the floor, industriously "doing his sums" on the historic fire-shovel with a small end of crayon. A candle flickers feebly. On a nail overhead is his famous coon-skin cap, the tail hanging down. Underneath this is a rude shelf of books—the Bible, "Æsop's Fables," "Pilgrim's Progress," "Life of Washington" and "Life of Clay."

Selected pupil (recites)

In his whole life, Abraham Lincoln went to school only about a year. It is said that, for want of a slate, he used to do his sums on the fire-shovel. Every minute that he could spare from helping his father and mother, he studied and read and wrote.

Girls (recite)

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.—*Holland.*

Boys (recite)

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.—*Longfellow.*

III ON THE FARM.

Shows Abraham Lincoln at work in the field. He may have a hoe, basket, etc. Or he may be sowing seed. Or, if an old fashioned plough is obtainable, he may be standing beside that.

Selected pupil (recites)

As Abraham Lincoln grew older, to earn his own living he did many kinds of work. Sometimes he worked in the fields.





School—or selected pupils (recite)

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit,
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.—*Lowell.*

IV THE COUNTRY STORE.

Shows the interior of a small country store. The shelves are stocked with groceries and dry goods as well. (Make as real as possible.) Arrange a counter. Before it stands an old woman, counting out some change. Behind it, carefully weighing out tea on his scales, is Abraham Lincoln.

Selected pupil (recites)

For a while, Lincoln kept a little country store. He was so honest in his dealings that he was called "Honest Abe."

V THE TRAVELING POSTOFFICE.

Shows Lincoln with a battered hat, which he has just removed from his head. From the letters in it, he is holding out one toward a man, who has evidently just asked, "Is there any mail?"

Selected pupil (recites)

Lincoln, for a while, was postmaster. This was not a paying job, so he could not afford to spend all of his time in the office. When he went out, he carried the mail with him in his hat. Soon he would meet a man, who would ask anxiously, "Any mail for me, Abe?" Off would come Lincoln's hat and then and there he would gravely distribute Uncle Sam's mail.

VI A SPEECH.

Shows Lincoln, tall, angular, in ill-fitting clothes, in any characteristic attitude, making one of his famous speeches. (If desirable to show one of his early "stump speeches" with the boys clustered about him, put this picture in after III.) Copy any famous picture of Lincoln.





Selected pupil (recites)

From the time Lincoln was a boy, he was fond of making speeches. All the other boys liked to hear Abe speak. As he became older his speeches became more and more famous. He became a noted lawyer, so clear and simple and concise in his arguments; so sure, himself, that he was right, that he almost always won his case. Wherever he went, he made friends. It has been said of him, "Lincoln had nothing, but plenty of friends." He was respected and trusted, and by and by he was sent to his state legislature, and later to the United States senate. Lincoln once said:

School (recites clearly)

"Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it."

VII LINCOLN AND HIS SON TAD.

Shows the picture of Lincoln and his youngest son. (Copy costumes, expressions and poses of the well known portrait as closely as may be.)

Selected pupil (recites)

In 1860, the people of the United States showed their confidence and trust in Abraham Lincoln by making him their President. In all its history, never has our country so needed a hand to guide it safely through troublous times. And in all its history, never has it had such a guide as Lincoln, strong, yet tender; just, yet kind; asking always of himself, "What is the *right* thing to do?"

VIII WAR TIMES.

Shows a company of Union soldiers, starting to war, on the battle field, or in any other striking and picturesque attitude. Make very impressive.

Selected pupils (play the fife and drum, while others sing)

"Then conquer we must,
Since our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—
In God is our trust!"





All (singing, and waving small flags)

“And the Star Spangled Banner
In triumph shall wave
O’er the Land of the Free
And the Home of the Brave!”

IX THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

Shows Lincoln signing the famous Emancipation Proclamation. The date 1863 may be shown.

Selected pupil (after a moment of impressive silence) recites

During Mr. Lincoln’s administration, between the Northern and Southern states of the Union was fought the great Civil War. In January, 1863, Abraham Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation—one of the most famous acts of history. By this act, four million slaves were set free.

Selected pupils (or entire school) sing very reverently and softly stanza of “Old Black Joe,” “Old Kentucky Home,” or any appropriate plantation melody. (If desired, during the song, selected pupils may take places in front of room and enact any simple little plantation scene.)

X ABRAHAM LINCOLN

is the largest and finest photograph or picture of Lincoln obtainable. It is fitted into the frame. Below it is printed “1809—1909.”

Selected pupil (if desired) may recite “Oh Captain, My Captain,” or pupils may sing it.

All in seats (at close of song) stand, lift flags reverently toward picture, and recite clearly)

The past century has not, the century to come will not have a figure so grand as that of Abraham Lincoln!

—Emilio Castelar.





ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



How humble, yet how hopeful he could be:
How in good fortune and in ill, the same:
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

—*Tom Taylor.*



LINCOLN.



The kindly, earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

—*Lowell's Lines on Lincoln.*



Were a star quenched on high
For ages would its light,
Still traveling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal night.

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

—*Longfellow.*





THE PROCLAMATION.



"I order and declare that all persons held as slaves in the said designated states and parts of states are and hereafter shall be free * * * and I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defense."

—*Abraham Lincoln.*



O dark, sad millions, patiently and dumb
Waiting for God, your hour, at last, has come,
And freedom's song
Breaks the long silence of your night of wrong!
Arise and flee! shake off the vile restraint
Of ages! but, like Ballymena's saint,
The oppressor spare,
Heap only on his head the coals of prayer!
Go forth like him! like him, return again,
To bless the land whereon in bitter pain
Ye toiled at first,
And heal with freedom what your slavery cursed!

—*Whittier (1863).*



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



This man whose homely face you look upon,
Was one of Nature's masterful great men;
Born with strong arms, that unfought battles won;
Direct of speech and cunning with the pen.
Chosen for large designs, he had the art
Of winning with his humor, and he went
Straight to his mark, which was the human heart;
Wise, too, for what he could not break, he bent.
Upon his back a more than Atlas-load,
The burden of the Commonwealth, was laid;
He stooped, and rose up to it, though the road
Shot suddenly downwards, not a whit dismayed.
Hold, warriors, councillors, kings!—all now give place
To this dear benefactor of the Race. —*R. H. Stoddard.*





LINCOLN.



A Song for the Younger Children.

Air—"Hold the Fort."

O'er the land to-day is ringing
Praise of Lincoln's name;
Childish voices now are singing
Lincoln's glorious fame.

Chorus:

Yes! we love the name of Lincoln;
Lincoln, good and true;
Under God, he saved the nation;
Saved for me, for you.

He had sworn to do his duty,
Sworn to do the right;
And our Flag, in all its beauty,
Saved from foeman's spite.
Lord! we come to Thee confessing,
Bound in sin were we;
Lincoln, working with Thy blessing,
Wrought,—and we are free.

—W. W. Stone, in *Nebraska Special Days*.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



'Mid the names that fate has written
On the deathless scroll of fame,
We behold the name of Lincoln,
Shining like a living flame.
When the storm of peril threatened
His loved land to overwhelm,
Safe the ship of state he guided,
With his hand upon the helm.
Statesman, ruler, hero, martyr—
Fitting names for him alway;
Wherefore, let us all, as brothers,
Love his memory to-day.

—Susan M. Best.





LINCOLN'S BIRTHPLACE.

"He touched the log cabin, and it became the palace in which greatness was nurtured."



WHAT'S IN A NAME?



Often, my father says to me,
On days we celebrate,
"Some day, my little lad, perhaps
You will be grand and great.
Your name will everywhere be known,
Your birthday they'll observe,
If only you are good and true,
With pluck and lots of nerve."
It's too late now to do a thing
To help it, I suppose,
If I'd been George or Abraham
Or Theodore—who knows?
My father doesn't seem to see,
So hopeful are his tones—
But how can any boy be great
Whose name is Johnny Jones?

—Alice E. Allen.



LINCOLN'S MAGNANIMITY TOWARD OPPONENTS.



So great was Lincoln's magnanimity, and so keen his sense of justice, that he never allowed personal considerations to influence his official acts. It is probably true that it was easy for him to forgive an injury; but in any event, he was incapable of using his position as President to gratify his private resentments. It was once represented to him that a recent appointee to an important office had been bitterly opposed to him politically. "I suppose," said he, "the Judge did behave pretty ugly; but that wouldn't make him any less fit for this place, and I have a Scriptural authority for appointing him. You recollect that while the Lord on Mount Sinai was getting out a commission for Aaron, that same Aaron was at the foot of the mountain making a false god, a golden calf, for the people to worship; yet Aaron got his





commission, you know." At another time, when remonstrated with upon the appointment to place of one of his former opponents, he said: "Nobody will deny that he is a first-rate man for the place, and I am bound to see that his opposition to me personally shall not interfere with my giving the people a good officer." And on another occasion of similar character, when remonstrated with by members of his Cabinet, he said: "I can't afford to punish every person who has seen fit to oppose my election. We want a competent man in this office, and I know of no one who could perform the duties better than the one proposed."—*Everyday Life of Abraham Lincoln.*



SENTIMENTS TO THE MEMORY OF LINCOLN.



He was one of the few great rulers whose wisdom increased with his power and whose spirit grew gentler and tenderer as his triumphs were multiplied.—*Garfield.*

With all his disappointments from failures on the part of those whom he had trusted to command and treachery on the part of those who had gained his confidence, but to betray it, I never heard him utter a complaint nor cast a censure for bad conduct or bad faith. It was his nature to find excuses for his adversaries. In his death the nation lost its greatest hero.—*U. S. Grant.*

The life of Lincoln should never be passed by in silence by old or young. He touched the log cabin and it became the palace in which greatness was nurtured. He touched the forest and it became to him a church in which the purest and noblest worship of God was observed. In Lincoln there was always some quality which fastened him to the people and taught them to keep time to the music of his heart. He reveals to us the beauty of plain backwoods honesty.—*Prof. David Swing.*





Heroic soul, in homely garb half hid,
Sincere, sagacious, melancholy, quaint;
What he endured, no less than what he did,
Has reared his monument and crowned him saint.

—J. T. Trowbridge.



He was one whom responsibility educated, and he showed himself more and more nearly equal to duty as year after year laid on him ever fresh burdens. God-given and God-led and sustained we must ever believe him.—*Wendell Phillips*.

He was warm-hearted; he was generous; he was magnanimous; he was most truly, as he afterward said on a memorable occasion, "With malice toward none, with charity for all."—*Alexander H. Stephens*.

Mr. Lincoln was not what you would call an educated man. The college that he had attended was that which a man attends who gets up at daylight to hoe the corn, and sits up at night to read the best book he can find, by the side of a burning pine knot. What education he had, he picked up in that way. He had read a great many books; and all the books that he had read, he knew. He had a tenacious memory, just as he had the ability to see the essential thing.

A man of great ability, pure patriotism, unselfish nature, full of forgiveness to his enemies, bearing malice toward none, he proved to be the man above all others for the struggle through which the nation had to pass to place itself among the greatest in the family of nations.
—*U. S. Grant*.





Here was a type of the true elder race,
One of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face;
I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innate weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the present gives, and can not wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate.

—James Russell Lowell.



LINCOLN.



His towering figure, sharp and spare,
Was with such nervous tension strung
As if on each strained sinew swung
The burden of a people's care.
His changing face what pen can draw?
Pathetic, kindly, droll or stern;
And with a glance so quick to learn
The inmost truth of all he saw.

—Charles G. Halpine.





ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



Stand like an anvil, when 'tis beaten
With the full vigor of the smith's right arm!
Stand like the noble oak-tree, when 'tis eaten
By the Saperda and his ravenous swarm!
For many smiths will strike the ringing blows,
Ere the red drama now enacting close;
And human insects, gnawing at thy fame,
Conspire to bring thy honored head to shame.
Stand like the firmament, upholden
By an invisible but Almighty hand!
He whomsoever Justice doth embolden,
Unshaken, unseduced, unawed shall stand.
Invisible support is mightier far,
With noble aims, than walls of granite are;
And simple consciousness of justice gives
Strength to a purpose while that purpose lives.
Stand like the rock that looks defiant
Far o'er the surging seas that lash its form!
Composed, determined, watchful, self-reliant,
Be master of thyself, and rule the storm!
And thou shalt soon behold the bow of peace
Span the broad heavens, and the wild tumult cease;
And see the billows, with the clouds that meet,
Subdued and calm, come crouching to thy feet.

—W. D. Gallagher.

Kentucky, December, 1862.





LINCOLN'S NAME.



(An exercise for school celebration of Lincoln's Birthday.
Each child carries a letter forming the name, Lincoln.)

I carry a letter L and it stands for love;
And a name that is written in glory above;
A name that is honored on land and sea,
That Americans love wherever they be.

I have a letter and all may see,
That it stands for the word, Integrity,
A word which signifies all that is good,
In this man's name it is well understood.

And N is my letter, it means nobleness;
A heart that would listen to all in distress,
A heart full of honor—so noble a name
Is scarce ever found in the annals of fame.

My letter stands plain for sweet Charity,
For such was his nature as all may see;
So noble and kind—he had charity for all;
The rich and the poor—the great and the small.

Round O is my letter—it shows what he hated,
Oppression is always with cruelty mated.
Oppression his kind heart never could bear.
From a poor backwoods boy to the President's chair.

L comes again for Liberty standing;
Our grand Union armies with Lincoln commanding;
His hand on the helm through the dark years of care;
And Liberty triumphed, for Lincoln was there.

N comes again; none other like he;
Honest old Abe, we children love thee.
Thy birthday we honor this cold Winter's day,
And have invited our parents to hear what we say.

All.

We salute thee, and praise thee; thy glories we tell;
A true friend of freedom—a man who could dwell
In the hearts of all people—the bond and the free,
Oh, Abraham Lincoln, all children love thee.

—Elizabeth D. Jewett in *Iowa Special Days*.





LINCOLN, THE MAN.



Kindly spirit!—Ah, when did treason
Bid such generous nature cease,
Mild by temper and strong by reason,
But ever leaning to love and peace?

A head how sober!—a heart how spacious!
A manner equal with high or low;
Rough, but gentle; uncouth, but gracious;
And still inclining to lips of woe.

Patient when saddest, calm when sternest,
Grieved when rigid for justice's sake;
Given to jest, yet ever in earnest
If aught of right or truth were at stake.

Simple of heart, yet shrewd therewith;
Slow to resolve, but firm to hold;
Still with parable and with myth
Seasoning truth like Them of old;
Aptest humor and quaintest pith!
(Still we smile o'er the tales he told.)

Yet who so might pierce the guise
Of mirth in the man we mourn
Would mark, and with grieved surprise,
All the great soul had borne,
In the piteous lines, and the kind sad eyes,
So dreadfully wearied and worn.

* * * * *

The Land's great lamentations,
The mighty mourning of cannon,
The myriad flags half mast—
The late remorse of the nations,
Grief from Volga to Shannon!
(Now they know thee at last.)

—From "Ode On Lincoln," by Henry Howard Brownell.





FAREWELL ADDRESS AT SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

February 11, 1861.



My Friends:—No one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feelings of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being, who ever attended him, I can not succeed. With that assistance, I can not fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell.



QUOTATIONS FROM LINCOLN.



"Gold is good in its place; but living, patriotic men are better than gold."

"This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it."

"Let us have that faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it."

"The reasonable man has long since agreed that intemperance is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of all evils among mankind."

"The purposes of the Almighty are perfect and must prevail, though we erring mortals may fail to accurately perceive them in advance."





"A nation may be said to consist of its territory, its people and its laws."

"Government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in: to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who has borne the battle, and for his widow and for his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a lasting peace among ourselves, and among all nations."

"'A house divided against itself can not stand.' I believe this government cannot endure permanently, half slave and half free. I do not expect the union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided."

"The Lord must have liked the common people, or He would not have made so many of them."

"You can fool some of the people all the time; you can fool all of the people some of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time."

"Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who knew me best that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow."

"Mercy bears richer fruits than strict justice."

"I know the Lord is on the side of the right, but it is my constant anxiety and prayer that I and this nation should be on the Lord's side."

"No man is good enough to govern another man without that other's consent."





VISIONS OF LINCOLN.



Someone spoke the name of Lincoln,
And before me straightway rose
An ungainly awkward woodsman,
Clad in common working clothes.
Someone spoke the name of Lincoln,
And, behold! a pageant fair
Streamed across a stately city,
And a President was there.
Someone spoke the name of Lincoln,
And before my vision rolled
Scenes of blood and awful battles
That on History's page are told.
Someone spoke the name of Lincoln,
And I saw a music hall
Decked with flags and dense with people,
And a man the marked of all.
Someone spoke the name of Lincoln,
Hark! was that a pistol shot?
Did I see upon the carpet
Stains of blood, or but a blot?
Someone spoke the name of Lincoln,
Tolling bells rang in my ear,
And I saw a mourning nation,
Following a black-palled bier.
Someone spoke the name of Lincoln,
Rifted were the crystal skies,
And I saw a crowned Immortal
In the place called Paradise. —Selected.



STORIES FOR REPRODUCTION.



How to Surrender Arms.

As the members of a volunteer company were practising the musket drill, the drill master said, "Now I will teach you how to *surrender* arms; then, if you ever have to, you can surrender gracefully."





President Lincoln stood near.

"Hold on, Lieutenant," he cried. "I'll teach them that." He seized a musket from a soldier near by, and, raising it to his shoulder, stood for an instant as if in the act of firing upon an enemy.

Then, letting it drop from his hands, he staggered like a man shot through the heart, and fell forward across the piece.

In an instant he sprang to his feet.

"There, my boys!" he cried, "there's the one and only way to surrender arms. Surrender and die. Never mind the gracefulness!"

A Political Friend.

Lincoln could never be caught by flattery; neither could he be bought and sold.

One day a politician came to him and said, "Sir, I was one of the most instrumental forces in securing your election. I trust you will remember your friends, and find a place for me at the capitol."

Lincoln looked much interested.

"You helped me to the presidency, you say."

"Yes, sir; I ran the campaign for you in ——."

"And you think your influence did the work for me?"

"Yes, sir," answered the politician, growing hopeful.

"Well, then," answered Lincoln, a twinkle in his eye, "all I have to say is you've got me into a pretty mess. Please don't ever help me to such honor again."

A Sinecure.

A certain man, not quite free from intoxication, came to President Lincoln and said, "President, I have come to ask you for a salaried position—a sinecure."

Lincoln, who had supreme contempt for intemperance, answered coolly, "My dear sir, there's something you need a great deal more than you need a sinecure, and that is a *water* cure."





General Grant.

An enemy of Grant's once came to Lincoln and said,
"General Grant is untrustworthy. He *drinks*."

"I can not believe it," cried Lincoln.

"Yes sir, he does," continued the busy-body, encouraged by the president's interest.

"Young man," said Lincoln, "you run right out and ascertain where Grant gets his liquor. I want to send a barrel of the kind that makes *Grant's kind of untrustworthiness*, to every general in the army."

The busy-body retired in confusion.



THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.



Red.

Red is the color of sunset clouds,
That presage a pleasant day.
It gladdens the heart of the sailor bold,
And speeds him upon his way.
And red are the stripes of our dear old Flag,
As it floats o'er our heads to-day.

White.

White is the color of lilies fair,
And white is the glistening snow,
And white is the emblem of peace and love,
As it dwells with us here below.
And white are the stripes of our dear old Flag,
We love it right well, I know.

Blue.

Blue are the violets, gentle and meek,
Blue is the color for which we seek,
We join it with red and white so true,
And then we can give you the Red, White and Blue,
A symbol of all that is noblest and true. —*Kate B. Ellis.*





PROGRAM FOR LINCOLN DAY EXERCISES.



Arranged by L. B. Grafton, in Rocky Mountain Educator, February, 1898.

Have a large picture of Lincoln framed and draped with the American flag. Under it place the motto: "With malice toward none, with charity to all," or "Right makes might," or "He never erred save on the side of mercy," or "Honest Abe," or "One flag, one land, one heart, one hand, one nation evermore," or "A house divided against itself can not stand." "The Union must be preserved." "We can not escape history." "The typical American." Let some of these mottoes be placed about the room.

Some of the following subjects might be assigned for short essays. For references, see Nicolay and Hays' Life of Lincoln, Holland's Life of Lincoln, Morse's Life of Lincoln, Coffin's Life of Lincoln.

Short Biographical Sketch; Lincoln's Traits as a Boy; Lincoln's Stories; Humor, Wit and Anecdotes of Lincoln; Lincoln's Personal Appearance; Lincoln, the Typical American; Lincoln and His Cabinet; Debates of Lincoln and Douglas; Lincoln's First Nomination at Chicago; Lincoln's Use of English; Stories of William Lloyd Garrison; Wendell Phillips; Owen Lovejoy; John Brown; John G. Whittier, and Harriet Beecher Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin, as agitators; Lincoln the Emancipator; Lincoln the Martyr; Lincoln the Statesman.

Appropriate songs to sing: "Battle Cry of Freedom;" "Marching Through Georgia;" "The Red, White and Blue;" "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground;" "John Brown's Body;" "Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!" "America."

Readings: Lincoln's inaugural addresses; Gettysburg speech; his favorite poem, "Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud!" "My Captain, O My Captain," Walt Whitman; "The Martyr Chief," Lowell; "The Soldier's Reprieve," Barnes' Fourth Reader.





There is no better way to become acquainted with Lincoln than by reading his inaugural addresses. In beauty, humility and charity they are surpassed only by Our Saviour when he said: "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." This, too, was Lincoln's spirit.

Let each pupil recite from memory a gem from the sayings of Lincoln, or one appropriate to the life of Lincoln. The following are suggestive:

"A house divided against itself can not stand. This nation can not endure permanently, half slave and half free."

"You may fool a part of the people all the time, or all the people a part of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time."

"I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they are shown to be true views."

"Well! I don't believe that shooting the boy will do him any good. Give me that pen."

"No man is good enough to govern another man without that other's consent."

"The fight must go on. The cause of civil liberty must not be surrendered at the end of one or even one hundred defeats."

"There is no grievance that is a fit object of redress by mob law."

"I happen temporarily to occupy this big White House. I am a living witness than any of your children may look to come here as my father's child has."

"Capital is only the fruit of labor, and could never have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital, and deserves much the higher consideration."

"Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him labor diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built."





"When the white man governs himself, that is self-government; but when he governs himself and also governs another man, that is despotism."

"I have never willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom."

"One war at a time!" I authorize no bargains for the presidency, and I will be bound by none."

"Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it."

"Let none falter who thinks he is right."

"My life has been 'The short and simple annals of the poor.'"

"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans; to bind up the nation's wounds; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."—From Second Inaugural.

"He who denies liberty to others deserves not to have it for himself; and under the rule of a just God he can not long retain it."

"We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave, to every loving heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."—From Lincoln's First Inaugural.

"Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any man should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing his bread from the sweat of other men's faces. But let us judge not, that we be not judged. The Almighty has His own purposes."





"Let reverence for the law be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles in her lap. Let it be taught in schools, in seminaries and in colleges. Let it be written in primers, in spelling books, and in almanacs. Let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed from legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice. And, in short, let it become the political religion of the nation."—A. Lincoln.

Whether on the scaffold high
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place where man can die
Is where he dies for man.

A truer, nobler, trustier heart,
More loving or more loyal never beat
Within a human breast.

The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

His heart was as great as the world, and yet there was not room in it to hold the memory of a wrong.

Eulogy from Lincoln's Monument—President Lincoln excelled all his contemporaries, as he also excelled most of the eminent rulers of every time, in the humanity of his nature; in the constant assertion of reason over passion and feeling; in the art of dealing with men; in fortitude, never disturbed by adversity; in capacity for delay when action was fraught with peril; in the power of immediate and resolute decision when delays were dangerous; in comprehensive judgment, which forecasts the final and best opinions of nations and of posterity; and in the union of enlarged patriotism, wise philanthropy, and the highest political justice, by which he was enabled to save a nation and to emancipate a race.

This man, whose homely face you look upon,
Was one of Nature's masterful, great men;
Born with strong arms, that unfought battles won;
Direct of speech, and cunning with the pen.





Chosen for large designs, he had the art
Of winning with his humor, and he went
Straight to his mark, which was the human heart;
Wise, too; for what he could not break, he bent.
Hold, warriors, councillors, kings!—all now give place
To this dear benefactor of the race.

—*R. H. Stoddard.*

His life was gentle; and the elements so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say to all the world, "This was a man."—Shakespeare.

Perhaps a greater man never ruled in this or in any other nation. He was good, pure, incorruptible.—Bolton.

He was raised up for the times. He was a leader of leaders. By instinct the common heart trusted him. He was of the people and for the people. He had been poor and laborious, but greatness did not change the tone of his spirit, or lessen the sympathies of his nature. His character was strangely symmetrical. He was temperate without austerity; brave without rashness; constant without obstinacy. His love of justice was only equalled by his delight in compassion. His regard for personal honor was only excelled by love of country. His integrity was never questioned.—J. P. Newman.

So ended in darkness, but not in shame, the career of Abraham Lincoln. He was one of the most remarkable men of any age or any country—a man in whom the qualities of genius and common sense were strangely mingled. He was prudent, far-sighted and resolute; thoughtful, calm and just; patient, tender-hearted and great.—Ridpath.

He was the sum of Puritan and cavalier, for in his ardent nature were fused the virtues of both, and in the depths of his great soul the faults of both were lost. He was greater than Puritan, greater than cavalier, in that he was an American, and that in his homely form were first gathered the vast and thrilling forces of this ideal government—charging it with such tremendous





meaning and so elevating it above human suffering that martyrdom, though infamously aimed, came as a fitting crown to a life consecrated from its cradle to human liberty.—Grady.

His was the troubled life,
The conflict and the pain,
The grief, the bitterness of strife,
The honor without stain.

When the Emancipation, the second Declaration of Independence, came, then, and not till then, was that flag purified, glorified, sanctified—made holy.

When the bugle's reveille sounds the roll call of heroes, crowned and uncrowned, on high, methinks of all the jewels in the diadems that deck the brows of "just men made perfect," none other will shine so bright as the broken fetters in Father Abraham's crown.

Wealth could not purchase, power could not awe, this divine, loving man. He knew no fear except the fear of doing wrong. Hating slavery, pitying the master—seeking to conquer, not persons, but prejudices—he was the embodiment of the self-denial, the courage, the hope and the nobility of a nation. He spoke not to inflame, not to upbraid, but to convince. He raised his hands, not to strike, but in benediction. He longed to pardon. Lincoln was the grandest figure of the fiercest civil war. He is the gentlest memory of our world.—Robert G. Ingersoll.





MEMORY GEMS OF PATRIOTISM.



There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons imparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man? a patriot? look around!
Oh! thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home.

—James Montgomery.

Love of country is one of the loftiest virtues; and so treason against it has been considered amongst the most damning sins.—E. A. Storrs.

If we are true to our country in our day and generation, and those who come after us shall be true to it also, assuredly we shall elevate her to a pitch of prosperity and happiness, of honor and power never yet reached by any nation beneath the sun.—Daniel Webster.

The love of country is universal. It has its seat deep down in the human heart. It strengthens with our years; it is not weakened by distance, and we all feel the magnetism of its wondrous power.—John F. Dillon.

Abraham Lincoln was the vindication of poverty. He gave glory to the lowly. In the light of his life, the cabin became conspicuous; the commonest toil no longer common, and the poor man's hardship a road to honor. It put shame on the prejudice of wealth and birth, and dignity on common manhood. The poor received from him inspiring hope; he taught the humblest youth that there was for him a path to power.—Luther Laflin Mills.

He who plows and plants that others may reap is of noble blood; but he who dies that a nation may live is made of the stern stuff that justifies the songs that sing





his deeds and the wreathed marble that marks the sacred spot where his ashes sleep.—Sel.

Washington, after having raised a nation to independence, slept peaceably, as a retired magistrate, under his paternal roof, amid the regrets of his countrymen, and the veneration of all people. . . . His glory is the common patrimony of increasing civilization. His renown rises like one of those sanctuaries whence a stream pure and inexhaustible flows forth forever for the solace of the people.—Viscount de Chateaubriand.

We honor our heroic and patriotic dead by being true men; as true men by faithfully fighting the battles of our day as they fought the battles of their day. The flower of a true and beautiful life is the flower to put upon the soldier's grave. Trueness to our country is the best way to honor the soldier who fell in defence of his country.—David Gregg.

The moment I heard of America, I loved her; the moment I knew she was fighting for freedom, I burnt with a desire of bleeding for her; and the moment I shall be able to serve her at any time or in any part of the world, will be the happiest one of my life.—Lafayette.

Of all human things, nothing is more honorable or more excellent than to deserve well of one's country.—Cicero.

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise—
The queen of the world and the child of the skies;
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
Thy reign is the last and the noblest of time,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
Let the crimes of the East ne'er encrimson thy name,
Be freedom, and science, and virtue thy fame.

—*Timothy Dwight.*

In all the attribute of a great, happy, flourishing people we stand without a parallel in the world. Abroad,





we enjoy the respect and, with scarcely an exception, the friendship of every nation; at home, while our government quietly, but efficiently, performs the sole legitimate end of political institutions, in doing the greatest good to the greatest number, we present an aggregate of human prosperity surely not elsewhere to be found.—Martin Van Buren.

Liberty is a solemn thing—a welcome, a joyous, a glorious thing, if you please—but it is a solemn thing. A free people must be a thoughtful people. A free people must be serious; for it has to do the greatest thing that ever was done in the world—to govern itself.—Orville Dewey.

He who serves his country well has no need of ancestors.—Voltaire.

National enthusiasm is the great nursery of genius.
—Tuckerman.

The love of liberty with life is given.—Dryden.

Liberty is not the right of one, but of all.—Spencer.

Liberty is from God; liberties from the devil.
—Auerback.

I would rather be right than president.—Henry Clay.

“Obstacles should be regarded as incentives to greater effort.”

The reward of one duty is the power to fulfil another.
—George Eliot.

“Do well what you do without a thought of fame.”

In the bright lexicon of youth, which fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there is no such word as *fail*.
—Edward Bulwer Lytton.

“Character is made up of small duties faithfully performed.”

Be courageous. Be independent.—Phillips Brooks.





The Little Log Cabin

ALICE E. ALLEN

CHAS. E. BORD

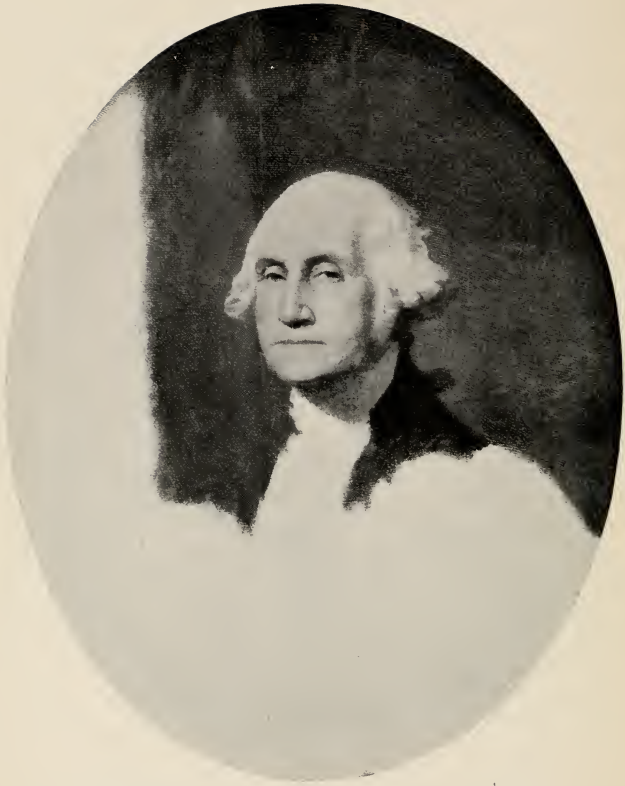
1 Ev'ry sea son of year has days of good cheer With songs and with sto ries en dour ing. But a
2 Oth er homes oft are named, and birth pla ces famed For he roes with hearts strong and pluck y. But the
3 If no song filled the night, nor star shed its light Down o ver that des o late wild wood. Still in

song now we sing and thanks now we bring For a lit tle log hut in the clear ing.
Land of the Free still turns back to see That lit tle log hut in Kentuck y
Nine teen and Nine our love builds a shrine 'Round the lit tle log hut of his child hood

CHORUS
Here — the lit tle cab in. A lone and for torn — The lit tle log cab in. Where Lin cole was born







WASHINGTON IN 1796. AGE 64. PAINTED BY STUART.

From the original, in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts; owned by the Athenæum. This world-famed portrait may properly be termed "The Household Washington," for doubtless there are many in this broad land who know Washington's countenance only through its medium. It was the painter's favorite, and he retained it, unfinished, through life, making from it a vast number of completed copies, a few good, some fair, and many very indifferent, but all showing unmistakable evidence of Stuart's hand. It has been engraved more than three hundred times, and has served as a study for almost every tyro of the brush on this side of the ocean during the present century, so that the country is flooded with Stuart's Washingtons, each, in the estimation of its owner, being "the original from life." During the last few months the writer has had nearly a score of them submitted for his opinion; but all, save one, were copies. Between the limning of his first head of Washington and the present one, Stuart painted the whole-length Washington known as the Lansdowne picture, from the supposition that the original had belonged to the Marquis of Lansdowne. The supposition was mistaken, however. The original canvas, painted from life, signed and dated by Stuart, is in the Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia. There is not sufficient difference between the head in that picture and the Athenæum head to warrant its reproduction. "Stuart's Washington," as the Athenæum portrait is called, measured by the Houdon bust and other accepted likenesses, is certainly less like the original than the portrait of 1795, reproduced on the opposite page. This was Mrs. Washington's verdict, who did not consider the Athenæum portrait a "true resemblance."



WASHINGTON'S SERVICE TO GOVERNOR DINWIDDIE.



(For Select Reading or Subject Matter for Essay Writing.)

Governor Dinwiddie had obtained by treaty with the Indians, the right to erect a fort where the Alleghany and Monongahela Rivers unite to form the Ohio. But one day the Governor was much surprised to learn that the French had built a fort there and were planning a chain of forts to hem in the English. Governor Dinwiddie knew this was unjust and he at once said, "I must prevent this; I must send a messenger to the French Commander at the fort and tell him he must build no more forts upon our territory." But what man could the Governor send upon so important a commission? He finally selected a man, but this man gave up and turned back when he was one hundred and fifty miles this side of the fort. He was not very courageous and he heard how cruel and savage the Indians were, and he also learned that the Indians were taking sides with the French. So he came back without accomplishing his errand. The Governor of Virginia was very much disappointed, but he did not give up. He said, "I must find some other man who will accomplish this task."

"Now George Washington is the young man for you to send," said a friend to the Governor. "He is only twenty-one years old, to be sure, but you can depend upon that young man. *He* will not give up. He will conquer every obstacle. He is courageous, truthful, straightforward, and will manage this business well. You can trust George Washington."

Governor Dinwiddie decided he would send young Washington, for he had heard of Washington's three years of surveying, of the excellent work he had done, "and," he added, "I want a man who will never give up."

"He's the very man for you and will show the stuff that is in him!" had been the words of many of the Governor's friends.





So George Washington was bidden to perform this great service for his country. It was winter and the French forts were far away to the northwest. Washington would have to travel four hundred miles through a wilderness for a large part of the way.

Governor Dinwiddie looked kindly at the clear, honest face before him, and said, "You will have to travel through dense forests."

Washington looked up bravely and fearlessly replied, "I expect to find obstacles, sir, but I shall not turn back."

Now Governor Dinwiddie liked this reply, and he continued, "You will find high hills covered with snow; you may have to struggle with wild animals; you will have to cross rivers; the Indians will be on the watch and they may shoot at you."

"Yes, sir," said Washington, calmly, "I have thought of all these obstacles and dangers. I shall be on my guard. I shall not give up."

Governor Dinwiddie looked with admiration at the tall young man before him and said soberly, "The Indians will try to kill you if they can. You may never get back here alive. Are you still willing to go?"

Washington, with a firm, steady voice replied, "To the best of my ability, I will try to serve you. I am willing to take your letter to the French Commander."

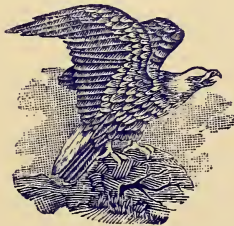
Bidding the Governor a courteous farewell, Washington departed.

With an interpreter, a guide, and a few pack horses that carried provisions, Washington started upon his dangerous journey October 31, 1753. On the way, they passed through several Indian settlements, where Washington held several councils with the Indians and met some of the great and influential Indian chiefs. From them he learned much regarding the determination of the French. On December 12, he reached the French fort and safely delivered the letter. While the Commander was courteous, he refused to obey the wishes of Governor Dinwiddie and he wrote a letter of reply for Washington to take back to the Governor.





It was now very cold; Washington's horses were weak, so the riding horses were used for pack horses, and Washington and his guide, Gist, went by water in canoes to Vernango and walked a part of the distance. They met Indians who fired upon them, but the balls failed to hit them. They met a pretended Indian guide who led them in the wrong direction and then suddenly shot at them. He, too, failed to hit them. Washington and his guide unarmed the pretender, and by walking all day, all night, and throughout the next day, they made their escape. At last the Alleghany River was reached. They hoped to find it frozen so that they might easily walk across, but the edges only were frozen. The two men were obliged to stop a day and make a raft. When in the middle of the stream, a floating cake of ice threatened to upset them. Washington, taking a pole, attempted to guide the ice aside, but he lost his balance and fell into the icy stream. After a hard struggle they gained the raft and at last came to an island, where they warmed and dried themselves. Almost frozen, they continued their journey for two weeks through snow and rain. The cold was intense, but Washington *never gave up*. On January 16, he delivered to Governor Dinwiddie the reply from the French. The man who succeeds does not give up when he encounters obstacles.





WASHINGTON'S FIRST SERVICE TO HIS COUNTRY.



(RECITATION)

"Now whom shall I send with this letter?"

Said Governor Dinwiddie, grave;

"I must have a man of great courage

And one who is true, firm and brave.

"I must have a man who is fearless,

To go through that wilderness tract,

Straight to that great French Commander;

Now who will courageously act?"

And all men who knew the conditions

Said, "There is one man, sir, just one,

Who safely will transact this service,

And his name is George Washington."

So Washington, brave, took that letter

And forth through the wilderness went,

He never gave up on that journey;

A service to Country, it meant!

Though peril and storm he encountered,

Though death seemed to threaten each day,

George Washington never gave up, boys,

That never was Washington's way.

That journey of four hundred miles, boys,

Was perilous, unsafe and hard;

But the lad who never gave up then,

Won his country's highest regard.



ON FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND



Last year, when we gave our exercises for Washington's Birthday, I persuaded the bugler of our local company of militia to come and play the various army calls for us. It was an immense success, and gave a military flavor to the whole entertainment. The same thing would be even more appropriate for Memorial Day, of course.

California.

G. F. M.





A LIVING FLAG.



M. L. B., Boston, in Popular Educator.

(Ten children may take part in this exercise, which I have found goes well for first or second grade. They are to wear paper sashes and caps. The Dennison crêpe paper makes a prettier, more easily adjustable sash than tissue paper. Three wear red, two white, the five remaining blue with white stars. They sit in their seats or stay in the dressing room, awaiting their turns to come to the platform. As each child recites his verse he stands and waits. When all have recited, the flag is formed, alternate red and white, then the blue all together. They repeat the last verse in concert.)

Red

When Betsy Ross first made the flag
She took a piece of red.

White

And when beside it white she placed,
"They look all right," she said.

So then her needle fast she plied,
Her cloth she cut with care.

First red, then white, and sewed them well,
Of each an equal share.

The red means we will bravely endure,
The white means we must be good and pure.

(This makes the alternate red, white, red, white, red. Then the blues stand beside.)

Blue (one at a time)

Then cloth she took and cut a square
And made the corners true.

And this time for the color bright
She chose a lovely blue.

She used her scissors sharp, and cut
So many pretty white stars.

She put them on her big blue square,
Then sewed it to the bars.





The blue means that whatever we do,
We must try to be always true.

(In concert)

Now that was how the flag was made,
And we have made for you
A living flag with colors right,
The red, the white, the blue.

We've told you what the colors mean
And now we'll tell you why
We made this flag for you to-day—
You'll guess it if you try.

The birthday of George Washington
To-day we celebrate—
He loved the flag and that is why
He was so wise and great.



A MOTHER'S ADVICE.



(This recitation should be given by a tiny girl who may be costumed for a little mother. Select a rather short little girl and place before her a large chair on which should be seated a very small boy doll. The girl who impersonates the mother should speak in a very authoritative manner with good emphasis upon the indicated emphatic places.)

Now¹ sit up, George, and² look right here
And (a) be my own dear son (a)
And³ listen well, (a) for you, my dear,
Were named for (a)—'Washington.

When Washington was just a boy,
'A little boy (a) like you, (a)
His father's pride and mother's joy,
He loved (a) the pure and true. (a)

'Such boys make men, (a) both wise and good (a)
(a) He was a hero grand, (a)
And always did the best he could
To serve our 'flag and land.





"Now George, stand up and make a bow
To show us all that (a) you (a)
Will heed the things I tell you now,
And be a good man, too.

MOTIONS.

1. As she says "sit up," the little girl should seat the doll upon the chair, taking pains to place it exactly in the center.

2. Step off from the chair (slowly walking backward with eyes fixed upon the doll) and at the word "look," clap hands as if to attract "George's" attention.

3. Emphasize the words "listen well," by the use of a forefinger that should shake impressively at each word that is spoken.

4. Pause after the word "for," as if about to tell a great secret and then stoop nearer to the doll and say the word "Washington," with an air of importance.

5. Nod head very slowly to impress this idea upon "George."

6. Emphasize with forefinger.

7. Point toward the flag, if there is a large one in the room. If desired, the little girl may hold up a small flag (one hand at each side) as if letting the doll examine it.

8. Here the little girl should step forward, raise the doll to its feet, and at the words "make a bow," bend the doll over until its head almost touches the seat of the chair. The success of this recitation depends largely upon the gravity with which this last movement is carried out.

9. All words between the letters (a)—(a) should be given emphasis.





SEE MY FLAG.



(Recitation for the whole school)

¹I've a banner, ²fair and bright,
³See it gayly ⁴go
⁵Slowly now from ⁶left to right
⁷Waving to and ⁸fro.

¹I've a flag of colors three,
²Watch it gayly swing,
³Moving swiftly as can be
⁴In a little ring.

⁵Pretty flag with field of blue,
Striped with white and red,
⁷'Tis our joy to look at you
⁸Waving overhead.

⁹How I love our banner bright,
⁸May it freely wave
¹⁰Far and long—a pretty sight—
O'er the free and brave.

(This little exercise should be spoken in a very animated way. Each of the children may be provided with a small flag which can be handled according to the following directions. It will add greatly to the effectiveness of the exercise if every child wears on his head a red, white, and blue cap.)

MOTIONS.

1. Hold the little flags directly in front and look closely at them.
2. Wave flags with short strokes.
3. Wave flags from right to left.
4. Wave flags from left to right.
5. Make a small circle with the flag.
6. Hold flag by the two ends and look at it while speaking the first two lines of this verse.
7. Raise flags slowly.
8. Wave flags overhead.
9. Hold flag in both hands about on a level with shoulders and look proudly at it while speaking.
10. Wave flag overhead with long sweeps of the arm.





A PROGRESSIVE WASHINGTON PARTY.



This exciting form of entertainment is built upon several features or contests, each suggestive of "The Father of His Country." While the idea is available for any patriotic American holiday it is particularly appropriate for February 22. The features may be varied by the hostess to suit her plans and the number of her guests. The following set will be found novel and delightful for a company of any age or tastes.

THE CHERRY TREE CONTEST.—This is founded upon the ever-famous cherry tree, about which little George could not tell a lie. For it the hostess secures in advance a bough of any green tree—a branch of evergreen will serve—and arranges it upright in a flower pot. She attaches to the branches, with silk thread, a couple of dozen candied cherries. Each cherry should suspend from the boughs by two or three inches of silk. Each member of the company is blindfolded in succession and turned around three times, given a pair of scissors and told to clip from the cherry tree as much of the fruit as possible. He is allowed three minutes in which to do his clipping. No player is supposed to feel for or touch the tree with his hands. He simply clips into space wherever he thinks the cherries are. When all players have tried, the person who has the most fruit to show for his three minutes receives a box filled with crystallized fruit of the appropriate variety.

A BIG STORY FEATURE.—Washington could not tell a lie, and the fun of the second game is founded upon this proposition. All guests are invited to draw their chairs into a circle and see who can tell the most improbable story. Stories should be original. The hostess or a committee of three persons, who do not enter into the game, decide upon the various yarns. Then, amid general surprise and laughter, the prize, a book of good short stories, is awarded to the player whose performance was voted poorest. This reward is explained by the hostess in a few





words to the effect that Washington was a poor hand at telling stories and that all patriotic persons should endeavor to be like him.

BURYING THE HATCHET.—Every candy shop sells, around February 22, little candy boxes in hatchet shape. One of these boxes is the foundation of the third game. The company is divided into sections, one of which adjourns to the hall or a neighboring room, while the other seizes the opportunity to put the hatchet carefully out of sight. The other party then returns and endeavors in five guesses to locate the hatchet. If the persons of the guessing side succeed in telling where the hatchet is hidden, their side wins a point. If not, they win nothing. The hiding party now adjourns to the hall and becomes guessers. This continues until each side has guessed and hidden three times. The division which at the end of this time has won most points receives the hatchet filled with bonbons. The members of the victorious division draw among themselves to decide the individual possession of the prize.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT HIM?—An enjoyable memory test follows the merry frivolity of hatchet hiding. This consists of a series of twenty questions about the great man whose fame is being celebrated; the following will be found good for the purpose:

1. In what State was Washington born?
2. In what year was he born?
3. What was the profession of his father?
4. What was the maiden name of his mother?
5. Did George attend any college?
6. What nobleman was his early patron?
7. Who sent him on his famous journey through the wilderness?
8. What position did he hold under Braddock?
9. Whom did he marry?
10. How did he act when complimented first on his military services?





11. What year was he made Continental Commander-in-Chief?
12. Where did he spend the Winter of 1777?
13. When was he elected President?
14. How long did he hold the presidency?
15. Did he leave children at death?
16. Where did he die?
17. Did he hold slaves?
18. Did he approve of slavery?
19. What became of his slaves after their master's death?
20. By whom was he called "First in war, first in peace, etc.?"



A CHILD'S WASHINGTON PARTY.



BY NELLIE C. CARLTON.

This party was primarily intended to amuse and instruct the children, but the older members of the family entered heartily into the spirit of the occasion. The grandfather and grandmother received their guests dressed as George and Martha Washington, while two of the grandchildren were also dressed as little George and Martha. Each of the ladies was given a Martha Washington cap, made of white tissue paper.

The rooms were decorated profusely with flags and bunting, and a large American flag was draped from the arch between the sitting room and the dining room. Below this, concealing the table, stood a large screen, covered with red, white and blue crepe paper. In the dining room flags were placed on the sideboard, above the pictures, and suspended from the chandelier. The globes of the latter were covered with red crepe paper, subduing the light from the gas jet.





The table was also covered with crepe paper, arranged in three alternate stripes of red, white and blue. At each corner a brass candlestick, holding a red candle and shade, was placed. Paper napkins, having flags in each corner, were used, and these were folded so that the flags were outside. The place cards consisted of little painted hatchets, cut from water color paper. The blades were painted to imitate silver. These hatchets were pinned to the lapel or waist of each guest upon being seated at the table.

The centerpiece was a miniature "cherry tree" bearing fruit. For this purpose an azalea plant not in bloom was utilized, and small cranberries were strung upon green floss and tied to it. The jar containing the plant was wrapped in red, white and blue paper. At the base of the "tree" was placed a paper hatchet filled with candy, which was used later as a prize.

The menu was such as would be suitable for a children's supper; and after it had been served a sheet of paper was produced on which had been painted a cherry tree. Guesses were made as to the number of cherries upon it, the height of the tree, the size of its trunk by actual measurement, and the number of branches. The winner received the candy-filled hatchet.

After this the children, and older ones as well, told stories of Washington and sang patriotic songs.



THE FLAG.



H. W., Minn.

Pupils form in single rank, boys and girls alternating. They carry a flag in each hand, holding end of the flag-stick in the palm of the hand, arms at sides and flags perpendicular. A tiny child takes her stand facing this rank. She carries one large flag.





I. "SALUTE."

The pupils hold both flags in left hand, then give flag salute. The child in front responds with a dip of her flag, then steps aside and takes no part in the remainder of the exercise.

II. "MARCH."

a Children take flags in first position, one in each hand. They sing air of "Red, White and Blue" to the syllable "La," marching about room in large circle, up and down aisles, or back and forth across front, as desired. To the last part of the air they sing the words:

Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
The army and navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

While singing the last part they wave the flags. Repeat as desired, one or more times, and halt at close, in circle.

b Boys about face and march in opposite direction to that in which girls are moving, marching just outside their circle. Repeat air and words as in *a*, halting at the close in circle.

c Each circle about face, thus marching in opposite directions to that taken in *b*. The two lines weave in and out as they march. Repeat air and words as in *a*, halting in circle at close.

d Boys kneel in place, girls about face. Girls circle about, weaving in and out past the boys, walking behind the first boy, before second boy, behind third boy, and so on. Repeat air and words as in *a*, and halt in circle, boys rising at close when girls halt.

e Clasp hands by couples and circle about in place in the circle, loosening hands and waving flags as they sing the words, as in *a*.

f Clasp hands by fours and repeat *e*.

g Change music, singing following words:

When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah! Hurrah!





When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The girls will sing and the boys will shout,
And the ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all be glad and sing
When Johnny comes marching home.

Girls walk to single line along front, where they halt, still singing and waving flags. The boys march about room, up and down aisles, carrying their flags as guns. Repeat air as many times as desired, boys falling into rank just behind the girls when they halt.

h Girls step to center of the circle, all face left, raise flags in left hand to form pyramid of flags in the center, and extend flags in right hands at right angles with bodies. Boys fall into semicircle behind the group of girls and wave flags. Keep the positions in this tableau while singing first stanza of "America."

i Sing "Red, White and Blue" as in *a*. Boys walk about in a large circle, followed by the line of girls. The head boy gradually leads the line toward the center of the circle by following a spiral line (as a snail shell) in that direction. Reaching the center he faces about and unwinds the line by retracing his steps to line of large circle. March in large circle once, then repeat snail march to center. March to and from center thus three times, then march off.





GEORGE WASHINGTON.



Recitation for five small boys. Each boy holds in his right hand a card with date, lifting it high while he recites.

First boy—

1732.

Yes, seventeen hundred thirty-two—
That is the date which I hold here,
And Washington, the great, was born
In February of that year.

Second boy—

1775.

He swept the land of lord and king,
Before his sword the foeman fled.
The time was seventeen hundred seventy-five
When he stepped to our army's head.

Third boy—

1783.

In seventeen hundred eighty-three
He saw the strife, the battles done,
A nation born, a land made free,
A country from the tyrant won.

Fourth boy—

1789.

"Be President!" the people cried;
So first in presidential line
He served our land with love and zeal,
In seventeen hundred eighty-nine.

Fifth boy—

1799.

In seventeen hundred ninety-nine
Low lay his well-loved head,
While mournful bells and flags half-mast
Told Washington was dead.

All—

O "first in war and first in peace,"
Our Washington, the true, the brave,
We'll ever keep thy mem'ry green,
And ever guard thy honored grave.

—From *Washington Celebrations*, published by Edgar S. Werner,
New York.





LITTLE FLAGS.



Alice E. Allen in Popular Educator.

(For four groups of children, first and second composed of little boys, third and fourth of little girls. The tallest boy and girl of each group carries large flag and takes position in front of others as a color bearer. All others carry small flags concealed until recitation.)

FIRST GROUP.

Color bearer (unfurls a large flag, waves slowly, recites)

The Twelfth of February,
All Red and White and Blue,
The great flags wave to bless the name
Of LINCOLN strong and true.

All (in group kneel about color bearer, lift flags, wave slowly, recite)

For LINCOLN, gentle, just, and brave,
Our little banner, too, shall wave.

SECOND GROUP.

Color bearer (as above, recites)

Upon the Twenty-second,
From dawn till day is done,
Our country's flags float, warm and bright,
To honor WASHINGTON.

All (in group form circle about color bearer, wave small flags, recite)

Our little flags, now, every one
Is waving for GEORGE WASHINGTON.

THIRD GROUP.

Color bearer (as above, recites)

I think some of the banners
Out in the winter sun
Should show their Red and White and Blue
For MARTHA WASHINGTON.

All (in group form circle as above, recite)

At any rate, our flags shall wave
To honor MARTHA, sweet and grave.





FOURTH GROUP.

Color bearer (as above, recites)

Somewhere, I hope Old Glory
Its shining folds will toss
In memory of the first old Flag,
And dear old BETTY ROSS.

All (in group form circle as above, recite)

Our happy little flags shall show
That BETTY's name full well they know.

(Color bearers of each group step forward, standing some distance apart, wave flags slowly, recite)

There is a name that always
Receives a cheer or shout—
For ROOSEVELT, our President,
Let every flag wave out.

(Boys and girls of each group step forward, form circle about color bearer, wave flags gaily, recite)

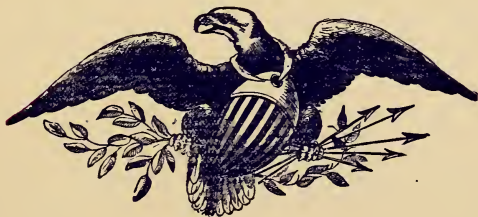
For ROOSEVELT now—One! Two! Three!
Our little flags float joyously.

(Boys and girls of each group march around and around their color bearers, wave flag, sing)

(AIR: Chorus of "Star-Spangled Banner")

O Star-Spangled Banner,
Long, long may you wave
For the Land that we love,
And its heroes so brave.

(March may be continued as long as desired.)





CHERRIES AND HATCHETS.



Alice E. Allen.

Thirteen girls are the Cherries—four, red; five, white; and four, blue. Unless otherwise arranged, when on stage they stand in groups forming “clusters” of cherries—the four red ones in one cluster; the five white ones, in another; and the four blue ones in another. Any simple device may be used in costuming. Gowns may be trimmed with paper cherries; one large cherry—red, white, or blue—may be fastened across breast; if desirable, in the costume of each there may be a hint of the colony from which she came—see exercise “Thirteen Original Cherries.” Each Cherry carries a bunch of three or four artificial cherries.

Thirteen boys are the Hatchets—four, red; five, white; and four, blue, to correspond with Cherries. Each may wear a pasteboard hatchet fastened to front of waist. Each carries small toy hatchet, with ribbon bow to correspond with Cherries.

Eight small boys and girls are the Dates. Each wears one large figure on front of waist—these figures may be large enough to come up and curl around or arch over face. The figures needed for dates chosen are 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, two 7's, and 8. All carry small flags; 3 carries teacup; 5, small lantern; 6, large roll of paper or giant fire-cracker.

In the center of stage stands a small tree to represent the famous cherry tree. Hidden in its branches are rolls of narrow ribbon—one for each Cherry and corresponding to it in color. Ribbons should be so tied that a blow or two from the toy hatchets will loosen them.





(To music of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," Cherries march gaily to stage, take place in clusters near tree, and sing:)

SONG OF THE CHERRY TREE.

(AIR: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.")

Long and long and long ago,
So 'tis said, a Tree did grow—
Such a very, very merry cherry tree—
Red of soil and blue of sky,
White of clouds serene and high,
Took this very, very merry cherry tree—

Till (*spoken*)

(Each hangs one cherry of her cluster on tree)

Red, White, Blue, upon its branches
Thirteen little cherries grew,
Red of soil and blue of sky,
White of clouds serene and high—
All its cherries ripened Red and White and Blue.

(March round and round tree, gradually widening circle)

Far and wide the branches spread,
Far and wide the fruit was shed
Of this very, very merry cherry tree
Till throughout the whole proud land
Shoots were found on every hand
Of this very, very merry cherry tree.

As (*spoken*)

Red, White, Blue, upon its branches
Thirteen loyal cherries grew,
Now, throughout the whole proud land
Shoots are found on every hand—
Bearing loyal cherries, Red and White and Blue.

(Forming clusters as at first)

On this day of Nineteen Eight,
Every state, or small or great,
Grows a very, very merry cherry tree.
O'er our Country, big and brave,
May the branches ever wave
Of this very, very merry cherry tree.





Oh (spoken)

(Waving cherries)

Red, White, Blue, upon its branches
Thirteen loyal cherries grew—
O'er our Country, big and brave,
May its branches ever wave
Bearing loyal cherries, Red and White and Blue.

(Cherries form in clusters in background, while to music of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," Hatchets march slowly into view, and take places beside cherry tree. With appropriate motions, they sing:)

THE HATCHET TREE.

(AIR: "When Johnny Comes Marching Home")

Beside a famous cherry tree—
They say, they say,
As deep as deep as deep could be—
They say, they say—
A hole was dug with greatest care,
A cherished hatchet buried there—
But a truth, a truth, will always win out, they say.

That little hatchet could not lie,
They say, they say,
It sent out rootlets far and nigh
They say, they say—
Its way it cut through snow and rime,
And sprang up in the winter time—
For a truth, a truth, will always win out, they say.

And so, at last, it grew to be,
They say, they say,
A strong and sturdy Hatchet Tree,
They say, they say.
And it is blooming even now,
With hatchets bright on every bough—
For a truth, a truth, will always win out, they say.

Oh, would you own a trusty blade—
They say, they say—
To make you strong and unafraid?
They say, they say—
Just choose you in your days of youth
The Hatchet bright that stands for truth—
For 'tis truth, 'tis truth that always wins out, they say.

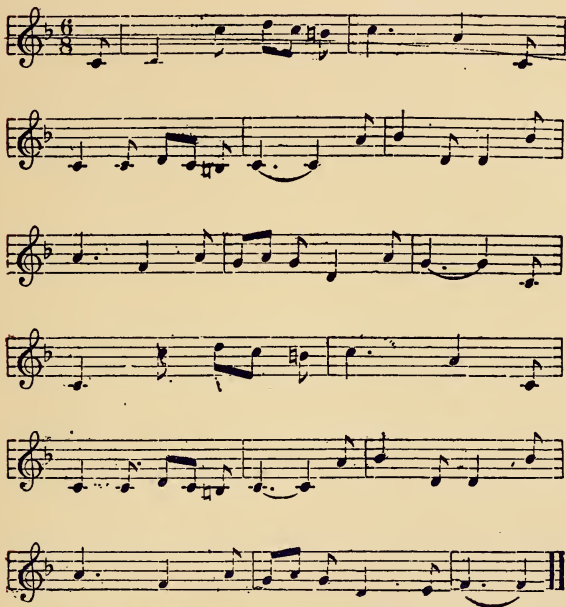




(While Hatchets march to extreme back of stage and give comic pantomime of cutting down the cherry tree, Cherries dance lightly in front of stage and circle gaily round and round tree. Each finds her roll of ribbon, unwinds it, and sings:)

The Runaway Cherries

CHAS. E. BOYD.



A rather sharp young Hatchet
Once cut a cherry tree,
And all the little Cherries
As saucy as could be,
They ran away together
To heal their many hurts,
"Preserve us whole," they shouted,
"Or get your own deserts!"





(During singing of above verse, the Cherries go about stage winding their ribbons about various things; they then go to either side of stage, where the Dates are, and wind ribbons lightly about them—more than one ribbon around each Date; then they hide on either side of stage. Much ingenuity may be displayed in selecting hiding-places. Entire verse of music may be repeated as interlude, if necessary. When Cherries are all hidden, Hatchets come toward tree, sing:)

That rather sharp young Hatchet—
An even-tempered blade—
Was fond, of course, of sweetmeats,
Of jam and marmalade,
To find those candied Cherries,
Without a moment's loss,
He started forth and shouted,
"I like your cherry-sauce!"

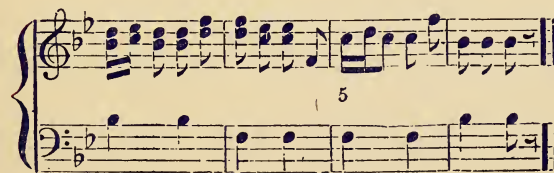
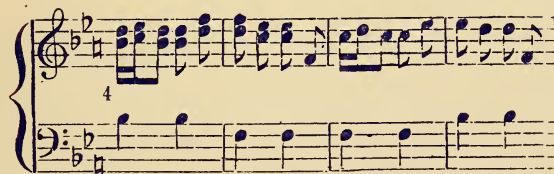
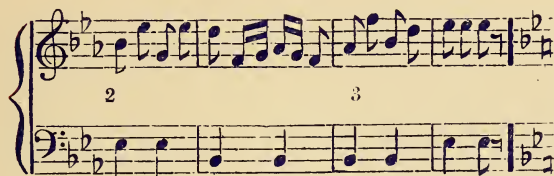
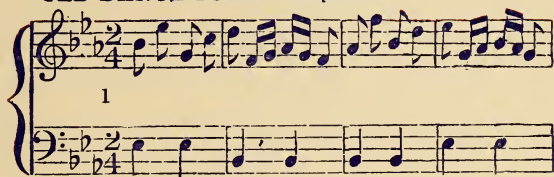
(Music for "Cherry Hunt" begins, Hatchets gather about tree, sing first four lines given below, then each catches ribbon that matches his hatchet, cuts it, as words suggest, and stands with it in hand ready to begin hunt.)





Cherry Hunt

OLD DANCE TUNE. Adapted.





Summer time's the time for berrying,
But when days are Februarying,
Everybody goes a-cherrying

Here and there and everywhere.

Ribbon { red
white } my blade will match it,
blue }

Now, as soon as I can catch it,
I will cut it with my hatchet—

Here and there and everywhere.

(Follow ribbons wherever they lead, unwinding them carefully from all obstacles)

Summer time's the time for berrying, etc.

(First four lines as above)

A { red
white } ribbon—smoothly wind it,
blue }

Clever fingers must have twined it,

A { red
white } cherry hides behind it—
blue }

Here and there and everywhere.

(Dates are discovered and brought forward)

Summer time's the time for berrying, etc.

(As above)

Ribbon { red
white } unroll—be wary,
blue }

On this day of February,

Dates we find—but not one Cherry

Here or there or anywhere.

(As Dates are freed from ribbons, they come forward—those forming date 1732 take place in front of others, and recite, waving flags)

The brilliant young Date, Seventeen Thirty Two,

The very first Washington's Birthday it knew,

Its fame grew so fine

That in Nineteen and Nine

'Tis still celebrated in Red, White, and Blue.





(2 steps back, 7 takes his place, and 3 moves over, forming date—1773. *Recite, stirring, tasting and throwing out tea*)

A clever young Date—Seventeen Seventy Three—
Very fond, so 'tis said, of a cup of good tea,
But a Tax in her cup
So roiled the Tea up,
That Tea, Tax and all she threw out in the sea.

(3 steps back, 5 takes his place, making date—1775. *Recite, waving lanterns*)

Seventeen Seventy Five—you can never forget
Our brave Paul Revere and the task he was set;
Still across the dark night
Flash his lanterns of light,
And down the years he is galloping yet.

(5 steps back, 6 takes his place, making date—1776. *Recite, clapping hands*)

From old Philadelphia, in great exaltation,
Here marches a Date with a proud Declaration—
And the Fourth of July
On it still keeps an eye,
And gives it, each year, a bang-up celebration.

(6 steps back, 7 takes his place, 8 takes place of 7, making date—1787. *Recite, waving flags*)

Seventeen Eighty Seven—out flashes the sun,
His battles now over, his victories now won,
First in war, first in peace,
Wave on, never cease,
Bright Star-Spangled Banner, for George Washington!

Cherries (singing, music as above)

Public taste is very varying,
Some like Dates so Februarying,
But once more we go a-cherrying,

(*Each finds Cherry at end of ribbon*)

Till—we find them everywhere.





(Come toward tree, two and two, singing)

Cherries saucy in sweet-meeting,
Cherries cordial with sweet greeting,
Cherries, Cherries everywhere.

*(Cherries and Hatchets, alternating, form semi-circle with tree
in center. Cherries recite, one after another, to Hatchets)*

THIRTEEN ORIGINAL CHERRIES.

I grew in old Virginia,
On the original tree,
I come from Massachusetts
As loyal as can be,
You found me in New Hampshire
Or somewhere "down in Maine,"
That I came from Connecticut
I guess is rather plain.
Dear Little Rhody raised me—
You won't find many such—
In old New York you found me—
Red-cheeked and plump and Dutch,
I ripened in New Jersey,
And I in Delaware,
I am a little Quaker—
I'm rather rich and rare,
Sweet as the South can make me,
I'm straight from Maryland,
We're from the Carolinas,
You found us hand in hand,
I've come from dear old Georgia—
Now, every single one,
North, South, East, West, united—
"Here's to George Washington!"





(Dates come forward, take places in front of others, all sing)

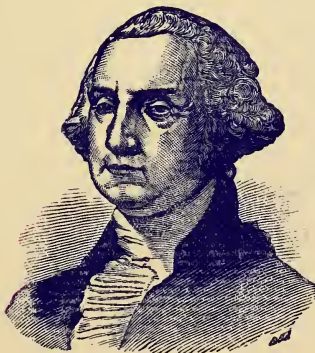
A TOAST.

(AIR: "America")

God keep the day we love
Bright with the memories of
George Washington!
May song and prayers proclaim
To all the deathless fame
Of that beloved name—
George Washington!

(Dates unfurl large flag, wave it slowly, while others gather about it, looking up at it)

God keep our Banner true
And ever loyal to
George Washington!
Long may it wave above
The Country of our love—
The glorious symbol of
George Washington!





THE SYMBOLISM OF THE FLAG.



The flag for which our heroes fought, for which they died, is the symbol of all we are, of all we hope to be. It is the emblem of equal rights; it means free hands, free lips, self-government and the sovereignty of the individual; it means that this continent has been dedicated to freedom; it means universal education—light for every mind, knowledge for every child; it means that the school house is the fortress of liberty; it means that “governments derive their just powers from the governed,” that each man is accountable to and for the government, that responsibility goes hand in hand with liberty; it means that it is the duty of every citizen to bear his share of the public burden—to take part in the affairs of his town, his county, his state and his country; it means that the ballot box is the ark of the covenant, that the source of authority must not be poisoned; it means the perpetual right of peaceful revolution; it means that every citizen of the Republic, native or naturalized, must be protected at home in every state, abroad in every land, on every sea; it means that all distinctions based on birth or blood have perished from our laws, that our government shall stand between labor and capital, between the weak and the strong, between the individual and the corporation, between want and wealth, and give and guarantee simple justice to each and all; it means that there shall be a legal remedy for every wrong; it means national hospitality, that we must welcome to our shores the exiles of the world, and that we may not drive them back; some may be deformed by labor, dwarfed by hunger, broken in spirit, victims of tyranny and caste, in whose sad faces may be read the touching record of a weary life, and yet their children, born of liberty and love, will be symmetrical and fair, intelligent and free.—*Col. Robert Ingersoll.*





Betty Ross

A E: A

C. E. BOYD

There's a lit - tle, old house on a brisk, busy street, With
high, dormer windows and gabled roof neat: A
quaint lit - tle par - lor with fire - place and tiles, Where
ev - ery bright morning the sun peeps and smiles, —For
there, long a - go, on a joy - ous June morn, Our
beau - ti - ful Ban - ner— Old Glo - ry— was born!

BALLAD OF BETTY ROSS.

Just out of the history, primly she comes,
With slender pink fingers and deft little thumbs,
She brings a bright needle—a skein of soft floss,
A thimble, and scissors, this quaint Betty Ross.

She skilfully sews some long strips, red and white—
And cuts with quick fingers five-pointed stars bright,
Then puts all together, and with a proud toss,
She holds up a banner—this quaint Betty Ross.

Beloved Old Glory! So fearless and true,
In bright, starry splendor of red, white, and blue,
Forever your stars, with their beautiful gloss,
Shall bring us sweet thoughts of our quaint Betty Ross!

—Sel.





TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR.



Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How we wonder what you are,
In our Banner, brave and bright,
Shining always day and night;
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How we wonder what you are.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
We know well just what you are,
In our Banner, grand and great,
Each small star is one large state.
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
We know well just what you are.

—A. E. A.



GENERAL WARREN TO HIS TROOPS AT THE BATTLE OF BUKER HILL.



Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye hope for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look beyond you—they're afire!
And, before you, see
Who have done it! From the vale
On they come!—and will ye quail?
Leaden rain and iron hail,
Let their welcome be!





In the God of battles trust!
Die we may—and die we must;
But, oh, where can dust to dust
 Be consigned so well
As where heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head
Of his deeds to tell!

—John Pierpont.



"Washington was six foot, two inches tall."

"Washington had brown hair and blue eyes."

"His bearing was dignified, yet pleasant."

"He was athletic."

"His arms were so very strong when a boy, that he threw a stone across the Roanoke river, opposite his father's house, which has never been done by anyone since."

"He rode an unbroken, spirited horse, which he conquered, but the horse fell dead in consequence of the strain."

"He studied reading, writing, arithmetic, book-keeping, and land-surveying."

"When Washington was only thirteen he wrote one hundred and ten maxims of civility for his own use."

"At sixteen he engaged to survey in the wild Virginia valley."

"One night while camping out, and sleeping before the camp-fire, his straw caught fire and he was nearly burned."

"What other narrow escapes did he have?" inquired Miss Trenton.

"After carrying a message to the French, he was followed by a pretended Indian guide, who shot at him, but did not hit him."





"With what Washington called 'one poor hatchet,' he made a raft on which he and his companion tried to cross the river, but Washington, in trying to guide it, was swept into the water and nearly drowned. He and his companion then managed to get to an island in the river, where they spent the night. In the morning the river was frozen hard enough for them to cross on the ice."

"When Washington was nineteen he was made a major, and while in battle had two horses shot under him, and had four bullets pass through his coat without hurting him. In this fight he was the only one of Braddock's aides who was not shot or killed."



THIRTEEN ORIGINAL COLONIES AND GEORGE WASHINGTON.



First Child.—I am Virginia; I have given many noble sons to my country, but to-day I wish to speak only of one, the fairest, the most illustrious—Washington.

Second Child.—I am New Jersey, and the elms at Princeton still whisper of his fame.

Third Child.—I am Massachusetts, and his name is still as powerful among my people as when his cannon frowned upon Boston from Dorchester Heights.

Fourth Child.—I am New York, and in my noblest city the first President took his oath of office.

Fifth Child.—I am New Hampshire, and I bring granite from my mountains that his deeds may be written on imperishable tablets.

Sixth Child.—I am Maryland, and my Potomac's stream murmurs ever of love as it glides past his tomb.

Seventh Child.—I am Connecticut, the land of steady habits, and as a model for our children we hold him up whose title was "An Honest Man."





Eighth Child.—I am Rhode Island, and the name of Roger Williams is not more dear to me than the memory of Washington.

Ninth Child.—I am Delaware, and when the ice cracks and booms on my noble river it seems to thunder the story of that Christmas night so long ago.

Tenth Child.—I am North Carolina, and the shade of Francis Marion bids me join in reverence to his valiant leader.

Eleventh Child.—I am South Carolina, and through the storm of war I have kept his memory sacred.

Twelfth Child.—I am Pennsylvania, and the old State House at Philadelphia seems to be filled with his invisible presence.

Thirteenth Child.—I am Georgia, youngest of all, and I bring palms to celebrate his victories.

Virginia.—Let us speak of his truthfulness.

New Jersey.—Let us admire his modesty.

Massachusetts.—Let us praise his courage.

New York.—Let us remember his deeds.

New Hampshire.—Let us emulate his piety.

Maryland.—Honor the statesman!

Connecticut.—The general!

Rhode Island.—The truth teller!

Delaware.—The hero!

North Carolina.—The Cincinnatus of the West!

South Carolina.—The Father of His Country!

Pennsylvania.—Providence left him childless that his country might call him father.

Georgia.—Then let us speak of him still as "First in War (all joining in), First in Peace, First in the Hearts of His Countrymen."—*Lucia M. Mooney in "Washington Celebrations," published by Edgar S. Werner & Co., New York City.*





Washington Song.

L. ROUNTREE SMITH.

CHARLES L. RIEGB

Allegro

1. There is a name we all should love, While floats the flag so gay. There
2. The honored name of Wash- ing- ton We lov- ing- ly re- peat We

is a song we all should sing, On Wash- ing- ton's Birth-day. We love our coun-try's stars and stripes, We
proud- ly wave the stars and stripes, And lay them at his feet. Oh, bon- nie ban- ner of the free. Ooe

love our he- roes too; A mer- i- ca! A mer- i- ca! We sing all hail to you,
song we love to sing, A mer- i- ca! A mer- i- ca! Long may the ech-oes ring!

rit

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(To be sung by children giving flag drill.)





DECLAMATION. "Washington's Devotion to His Country."

. . . His devotion to his country will be revered throughout all history. The individual virtue, the personal sacrifice, the kindliness of sympathy that mingled with fortitude and strictness of duty, the incomparable honor to which he clung and would have his countrymen cling, the devotion to country, the consecration to humanity, the ennobled and ennobling walk with God—these are successes, these are victories which this signal example of them all is still renewing and will continue to renew throughout posterity. . . .

God has given this nation many precious gifts; but the chief gift of all, the one, we may say, which has added something to every other one, is the gift of this great soldier, this great statesman, this great and good man, this greatest of all Americans, past, present—past, if not to come. Our heritage from him is illustrious above all others. . . . —*Extract from Samuel Eliot's Characterization of Washington.*

QUOTATIONS. "Washington's Service to Our Country."

"He fought, but not with love of strife; he struck but to defend;
And ere he turned a people's foe, he sought to be a friend;

He strove to keep his country's right by Reason's gentle word,
And sighed when fell Injustice threw the challenge:—'Sword
to sword!'"

DECLAMATION.

"Far above the old Potomac stands a mansion the significance of which awes and hushes everyone to veneration. A sacredness surrounds this grand memorial harmonizing perfectly with the clear, everflowing stream below. Here, in the midst of the emerald grass plot, rises the stately home of Washington.

"In our country few spots are more profoundly impressive. The tomb, with all its hallowed associations, is soon reached, and here memory and veneration increase in power, grandeur and absorbing interest as one's thought is riveted upon that one majestic character—the





noblest leader who was ever intrusted with the life of his country."

DECLAMATION. "The Character of Washington."

The character of Washington! Who can delineate it worthily? Modest, disinterested, generous, just, of clean hands and a pure heart, self-denying and self-sacrificing, seeking nothing for himself, declining all remuneration beyond the reimbursement of his outlays, scrupulous to a farthing in keeping his accounts, of spotless integrity, scorning gifts, charitable to the needy, forgiving injuries and injustices, brave, fearless, heroic, with a prudence ever governing his impulses, a wisdom ever guiding his valor, true to his friends, true to his country, true to himself, fearing God, no stranger to private devotion or public worship, but ever recognizing a divine aid and direction in all that he accomplished. . . . His magnetism was that of merit, superior, surpassing merit; the merit of spotless integrity, of recognized ability, and of unwearied willingness to spend and be spent in the service of his country.—*Extract from "The Character of Washington," by Robert C. Winthrop.*

Quotations regarding his character may be quickly given by several pupils, who rise and stand by their seats.

Webster said: "America has furnished to the world the character of Washington; if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind."

Lafayette said of Washington: "Never did I behold so superb a man."

"When Washington's face rises before us instinctively mankind exclaims: 'This is the man for nations to trust and reverence, and for rulers to follow.'"

"A mighty brain, a will to endure,
Passions subdued, a slave to none,
A heart that was brave and strong and sure,
A soul that was noble and great and pure,
A faith in God that was held secure—
This was George Washington."





THE CROWNING OF WASHINGTON.

A pupil with a flag and a wreath of laurel steps up to the bust of Washington and repeats these lines:

Arise, 'tis the day of our Washington's glory!
The garlands uplift our liberties won,
And sing in your gladness his echoing story,
Whose sword swept for freedom the fields of the sun.

School

Not with gold, nor with gems, but with evergreen vernal,
And the banners of stars that the continent span,
Crown, crown we the chief of the heroes eternal,
Who lifted his sword for the birthright of man.

Pupil

We follow thy counsels, O hero eternal,
To highest achievements the school leads the van,
And crowning thy brow with the evergreens vernal,
We offer our all to the service of man.

SONG.

Third verse of "Hail Columbia." This may be given by the entire school, who march with flags about the room:

Sound, sound the trump of fame!
Let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause!
Ring through the world with loud applause!
Let every clime to freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear:
With equal skill, with steady power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war; or guides with ease
The happier time of honest peace.

Firm, united, let us be
Rallying round our liberty,
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.





A PLAY FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.



(Adapted from *St. Nicholas* and Cooper's "The Spy.")

ANTOINETTE E. FORD.

(The idea for this entertainment was suggested by the story "Two Girls and a Boy" in *St. Nicholas*, and this adaptation is published by permission of The Century Company.)

CHARACTERS.

Mr. Wharton—A Tory gentleman in whose house the scenes take place.

Captain Wharton—His son. In the British Army and visiting his father in disguise.

Sarah Wharton—The elder daughter. On the British side.

Frances Wharton—The younger daughter. On the American side.

Cæsar—Mr. Wharton's colored servant.

American Major.

Two American Soldiers.

Mr. Harper—A name assumed by General Washington when he wished to go about as a private gentleman.

Remarks:

Mr. Wharton should have a white wig, with cue tied with black ribbon, short trousers, slippers with buckles. A lace vest, or a fall of lace at the hand, will give a touch of elegance to his costume. Cheap material in a large flowered design will make suitable dresses for the girls. Dresses should have overskirts looped at the sides, showing plain colored skirts below. Hair can be done high or arranged in curls.

Captain Wharton wears a red wig and a black patch over one eye, as a disguise.

Brass buttons figure in Cæsar's costume.

A military overcoat and sword on belt are needed by the American major.





Mr. Harper may wear a plain suit at first, and later, when he appears as General Washington, may wear a military overcoat and sword. He should have wig like Mr. Wharton's.

All the men should wear swallow-tailed coats.

Cocked hats for the men can be easily made from any broad-brimmed felt hat by tacking back the brim in three places.

This entertainment can be given better on a stage that has a curtain, but it can be given in almost any room where there is a convenient door for the players to enter. A table, four chairs and a British flag on the walls are all that are needed as a setting.

SCENE I.

Sarah (looking out of window or door)—How dark it is to-night! The storm which has been brewing all day is upon us!

Frances (sewing near table, on which is work basket)—Oh, I hope it will not be severe. Just think of the poor soldiers who have to sleep upon the ground, without a roof to shelter them.

Mr. Wharton (looking up from book)—Alas, yes, my daughters. Think of your poor brother Henry, who is fighting for his King by the side of the British soldiers. Pray heaven, he may be safe in camp to-night!

Cæsar (appears at door)—Oh, massa, a gentleman who has got cotched in the storm asks shelter.

Mr. Wharton—Bring him in at once, Cæsar. Who could refuse shelter ever to a stranger on such a night as this? Sarah, the gentleman must be cold and wet. Have some tea prepared for him. (*Sarah leaves the room and returns immediately.*)

(*Mr. Harper enters, wet hat in hand, wet overcoat over arm. Bows to Mr. Wharton and ladies. Hands hat and coat to Cæsar, who has followed him in.*)

Mr. Wharton—You are welcome, sir, to the shelter which my home affords, and may I ask to whom I have the honor of speaking?





Mr. Harper—Mr. Harper, sir. I thank you for your kindness.

Mr. Wharton—I hope you will meet with no injury from the rain to which you have been exposed. Pray be seated. (*Mr. Harper seats himself beside the table, opposite Frances. Cæsar enters and places cup of tea on table.*) This hot tea will refresh you.

Mr. Harper (tasting tea)—It is most refreshing, sir, after my long, cold ride.

Mr. Wharton—I find it difficult, sir, to procure the quality of tea to which I have been accustomed.

Mr. Harper—I should think the shops in New York might furnish the best in the country.

Mr. Wharton—Why, yes, there must be plenty in town, but the war has made communication with the city too dangerous to be risked. I wish from the bottom of my heart this struggle was over.

Mr. Harper—It is much to be desired.

Mr. Wharton—The armies appear more active in the South; Gates and Cornwallis seem trying to bring the war to an issue there. (*Mr. Harper frowns, draws hand across eyes, looks as if about to speak.*)

Sarah—General Gates has been less fortunate with the earl than with General Burgoyne.

Frances—But General Gates is an Englishman, Sarah. (*Tumbling over contents of work basket rather excitedly.*)

Mr. Harper (turning to Frances)—May I venture to ask just what you infer from that fact?

Frances—Only—sir—my sister and myself sometimes differ in our opinions. Sarah thinks the British are never beaten, while I do not put so much faith in them.

Cæsar (appears at door, excited)—Massa, another traveler.

Captain Wharton (in disguise. Enters abruptly and speaks rather gruffly)—The storm has overtaken me, and I beg a night's shelter for myself and my tired horse.





Mr. Wharton (eyeing him suspiciously)—On such a night I can not find it in my heart to turn any fellow creature away.

Captain Wharton (throws off great coat and turns to Mr. Harper, who has been studying him ever since his entrance)—I believe this is the first time we have met, though your attention would seem to say otherwise.

Mr. Harper (smiling slightly)—I think we have never met before sir. *(Turns to Mr. Wharton.)* And now, sir, if I may retire, for I feel the fatigue of my hard journey.

Mr. Wharton (to Cæsar, who has remained in room near door)—Cæsar, show Mr. Harper to his room. Good-night, sir, and may your rest be undisturbed.

(Mr. Harper bows and withdraws with Cæsar.)

Captain Wharton (runs to door and turns key. Throws off wig and patch)—My father!—my dear father! and you, my dear sisters!—have I at last met you again?

(All gather around him in astonishment. The girls exclaim, "Henry!" Father lays hand on son's shoulder.)

Mr. Wharton—Heaven bless you, my Henry, my son!

Captain Wharton—But who is this Mr. Harper? Is he likely to betray me?

Mr. Wharton—Let us hope not. He is not likely to penetrate the disguise which so completely deceived your own father and sisters, and in the morning he will leave us. At any rate, he is safe in his chamber for the night and we must soon retire lest we rouse the suspicion of the servants.

SCENE II.

The Following Morning.

Mr. Harper (ready for departure. Talking with Frances. They walk in together)—And you, Miss Frances, do you long for peace as your father does?

Frances—Oh, I do wish that the cruel war was at an end, that we might return to our friends once more.

Mr. Harper—Here comes your father. *(Mr. Wharton and son enter.)* If any fear of me induces Captain Wharton to maintain his disguise, I beg that he will lay it aside.





Mr. Wharton—My son! My son! You are discovered!

Frances (*turning to Mr. Harper with clasped hands*)—Great heavens! sir, you will not betray him?

Mr. Harper—Fear nothing, I can not betray him, and for your sake I would not if I could.

Captain Wharton—Well, I care not. I am weary of this masquerading. (*Takes off wig and beard and throws them aside.*)

Mr. Harper (*smiling*)—You look so much better in your own proper person, sir, I advise you to keep to it.

Sarah (*enters; speaks hurriedly*)—Father, Harvey Birch is here with your—Why, Henry, what does this mean? Have you forgotten there is a stranger among us? (*Looks at Mr. Harper.*)

Captain Wharton—My dear sister, since the stranger has seen through my disguise, where is the use of keeping to it? It was a great nuisance and I am well rid of it.

Frances (*eagerly*)—And Mr. Harper has promised not to betray him, sister.

Mr. Harper (*pleasantly*)—Rest assured in me. I have enjoyed your hospitality and I would not willingly cause you trouble. Now, sir (*bowing to Mr. Wharton*), if I may trouble you to order my horse, I will take my leave.

Sarah (*going to door*)—Cæsar, bring Mr. Harper's horse.

Mr. Harper (*turning to Frances*)—Heaven bless you, my dear young lady! A girl who is so good a daughter, so kind to strangers, and loves her country as you do, deserves every blessing. If ever you should need advice or help in these troublous times, send this ring to Mr. Harper, and if it lies in his power he will gladly assist you. (*Takes off ring and hands it to her.*)

Cæsar (*enters, bowing to all*)—The gentleman's horse is ready, massa.

(*Cæsar and Mr. Harper leave.*)

Frances (*to Sarah*)—What a gentleman he seems, what a noble face he has, and what a kind manner!





Cæsar (rushes in, in great terror)—A body of American soldiers is coming up the valley! (All greatly excited.)

Frances—Fly, brother; hide in some safe place until danger is past. (Sarah picks up wig and patch and helps him to put them on. A drum is heard. Captain Wharton, his father and Cæsar rush off. The girls cling to each other in distress.)

Sarah—Oh, why did he come to see us?

(Captain Wharton is brought in a prisoner between two Continental soldiers, accompanied by an officer. His father and Cæsar follow.)

Major (to Captain Wharton)—Sir, if it be as you say, that you are a British officer, I pity you, for we find you inside our lines in disguise, and while it may be true that you come here only to visit your father, your disguise would indicate that you are a spy, and for that Major Andre was hung.

Mr. Wharton (on one side) and Sarah (on the other side, throw themselves on their knees)—Oh, spare him, sir! Spare him!

(Frances puts handkerchief to her eyes, and Cæsar blubbers in the background.)

SCENE III.

Frances (enters with Sarah. Handkerchief to eyes)—Alas, what dreadful trouble has befallen us! Our poor brother a prisoner, soon to be shot for a spy! How can we prove that it was only his love for us that made him put on that hateful disguise?

Mr. Wharton (enters)—That dreadful American major has just told me that they are expecting a brigade of soldiers here, and that when they come our poor Henry will be tried by court martial. Oh, what shall we do to save him?

American Major (enters)—Sir, the brigade is coming. The court martial will sit in the morning, and you must be ready as witnesses.





Sarah—Sir, is there no one who can save my poor brother?

Major—No one, if he is guilty; that is, no one, of course, except our commander-in-chief, General Washington, and he is not likely to interfere.

Frances—Oh, if that good, kind Mr. Harper were but here to advise us!

Major (curiously)—What do you know of Mr. Harper?

Mr. Wharton—The gentleman spent with us the night on which my unfortunate son arrived, and he thanked us for our hospitality and offered, if occasion arose, to be of service.

Major—Did he so?

Frances—Indeed, sir, he did, and gave this ring as a token.

Major—Why, then, if you want my advice, I'd lose no time in sending for him.

Frances (sadly)—But we know not where to find him.

Major—Well, perhaps I may know, and if you choose to trust me with your message, I will see that it reaches him.

Frances—That I will, sir, gladly, and we thank you from the bottom of our hearts for your kindness. Father, I will go now and write the message. (*Leaves with Major.*)

(*Sounds of drums.*)

Cæsar (rushes in)—The whole American Army is coming up the valley!

Frances (returns)—The note has been sent. Pray heaven, it may be of some use.

Sarah (mournfully)—How can it be, when the Continental major has said that no one but General Washington himself could be of use?

(*Knock heard at outer door.*)

Cæsar (comes in, announcing with wave of hand)—Mr. Harper.

All (exclaim)—Mr. Harper!





(Mr. Harper appears in old military cloak. Major enters behind him.)

Mr. Harper—General Washington, at your service. (Throwing back cloak and showing uniform.)

(All look astonished.)

Frances (rushes forward and kneels before him, catching his hand)—We are saved! We are saved!

Mr. Harper—Rise, my dear young lady.

Frances—Not till you have granted my request. Oh, noble sir, spare my brother's life!

Mr. Harper—I will, because I know him to be innocent. Major (turning), bring in the prisoner.

(Captain Wharton is brought in by two soldiers.)

Mr. Harper—Young man, you have had a narrow escape from a disgraceful death. Let it be hereafter a warning to you not to sail under false colors. Major, you may accept this officer's parole as simply a prisoner of war. (Major bows.)

(Mr. Wharton puts his arm around his son. Sarah stands near on the other side.)

Frances (looking at Washington gratefully)—Oh, how can we thank you, sir?

(Cæsar grins in background.)





WASHINGTON.



First pupil

(For a class of five)

What name is known in every land,
And to Freedom's sons,
Ruler of firm yet kindly hand?
All That name is Washington.

Second pupil

Who faltered never in the right,
Till victory was won;
Till out of war shone Freedom's light?
All It was great Washington.

Third pupil

Let monarchs boast of warlike deeds
And conquests bravely won,
Where tyranny, not freedom leads;
All We have our Washington.

Fourth pupil

A soldier ever first in war,
And steadfast as the sun,
And first in peace and virtue, for
All He was our Washington.

Fifth pupil

Till liberty and truth depart,
And Freedom's work is done,
Forever first in every heart—
All Will be great Washington.





OUR NATION'S DEBT.



The nation's debt to these men (Washington and Lincoln) is not confined to what it owes them for its material well-being, incalculable though this debt is. Beyond the fact that we are an independent and united people, with half a continent as our heritage, lies the fact that every American is richer by the noble deeds and noble words of Washington and Lincoln. Each of us who reads the Gettysburg speech or the second inaugural address of the greatest American of the nineteenth century, or who studies the long campaigns and lofty statesmanship of that other American who was even greater, cannot but feel within him that lift toward things higher and nobler which can never be bestowed by the enjoyment of mere material prosperity.—*Roosevelt.*



LIKE GEORGE WASHINGTON.



We cannot all be Washingtons,
And have our birthday celebrated;
But we can love the things he loved,
And we can hate the things he hated.

He loved the truth, he hated lies,
He minded what his mother taught him,
And every day he tried to do
The simple duties that it brought him.

Perhaps the reason little folks
Are sometimes great when they grow taller,
Is just because, like Washington,
They do their best when they are smaller
—*The Sunbeam*





WASHINGTON.



(Acrostic)

Who bravely fought in his own way,

And paved the Freedom of to-day?

So ably has his work been done—

His fame has been so justly won.

In all things he was brave and true

No mean action would he do.

Greater none there was than he,

The leader of the land now free.

Oh, Washington, we all do say,

No wonder we revere this day.

—Selected.





OUR NATION'S COLORS.



Teacher What is said of the colors of our nation's emblem?

Boys

The red is the deep crimson life-stream
Which flowed on the battle plain,
Redeeming our land from oppression,
And leaving no servile stain.

Girls

The white is a proud people's honor,
Kept spotless and clear as light;
A pledge of unfaltering justice,
A symbol of truth and right.

Boys

The blue is our nation's endurance,
And points to the blue above,
The limitless, measureless azure,
A type of our father's love.

Girls

The stars are God's witness of blessing,
And smile at the foeman's frown;
They sparkle and gleam in their splendor,
Bright gems in this great world's crown.

All

Oh, flag of a resolute nation,
Oh, flag of the strong and free,
The cherished of true-hearted millions,
We hallow thy colors three!
Three proud, floating emblems of glory,
Our guide for the coming time;
The red, white, and blue in their beauty,
Love gives them a meaning sublime.

—Selected.





ST. VALENTINE.

A bishop lived long years ago,
So kind and gentle he,
The people of his little town
All loved him tenderly.

The sinful and the sorrowing
Came daily to his door,
And raiment warm, and needful food,
Bestowed he on the poor.

And, when he old and feeble grew,
Then messages he sent,
And helpful, tender, kindly thoughts
Through all the village went.

When February came each year
The people used to say,
"We too will send kind messages
Upon his natal day."

And then they named the messages
For their long-loved divine,
And, ever after, yearly sent
A welcome Valentine.

Lophia Wyckoff Brower





THE SNOWFLAKE VALENTINE.



ALICE E. ALLEN IN POPULAR EDUCATOR.

(Choose any number of children—as many boys as girls—to play they are the Snowflake Valentines. They may carry real valentines, or any pretty appropriate little devices made from soft-colored tissue paper—stars, roses, hearts, bow-knots, etc. Words may be recited or sung to old air, “Money Musk.”)

Children march gaily toward front of room, reciting or singing

In February comes a day,
When true as true, the fairies say,
You'll see, if you watch the weather signs,
The snowflakes turn into valentines.

We're on our way to earth—just so,
Each one a little flake of snow—
And white as white, when quick as a wink,
Out peeps the sun—we turn gold or pink.

(Hold up valentines)

There are stars and buds and bits of flowers,
There are tiny hearts and showers and showers
Of dainty love-knots caught in vines—
Such dear little snowflake valentines.

Up comes the wind with his violins,
A merry, merry tune begins.

(Take each other's hands, two and two)

Here, there, and everywhere we glance,
To find our partners for a dance.





(Bow and courtesy to each other, then dance or frolic gaily about)

We courtesy, then in and out
We wind and whirl around about,
In pretty sparkling zigzag lines—
Such glad little snowflake valentines.

(Form line across front of room; on next to last line, lift valentines high; on last line, toss them lightly to children in seats)

Out comes the sun to stay all day,
Away, away—we must away—
Can't you catch one, pink, gold, or blue?
There's one for you—and you—and you!



FUN ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.



BY A. M. BRANSON.

A novel game, which may be indulged in on Valentine's Day, requires, besides the symbolical decorations, only a tube of photographer's paste, a few pairs of scissors, and a pile of the advertisement pages of some of the current magazines. Each player may be required to compose a love poem, a love telegram, or a love story of six lines, using only words cut from the advertisements, and pasted on a blank sheet of paper. A prize may be given for the cleverest result.





SOME VALENTINES.



Material for valentine No. 1.

Dennison's crêpe paper napkins in rose design.

Scissors.

Red kindergarten paper.

Dennison's heart seals.

Heart-shape pattern.

Five inch squares white drawing paper.

The paper napkins are sold at seven cents per dozen, and the heart seals are sold at ten cents per box, each box containing a hundred or more seals.

The kindergarten paper is sold in sheets 20 x 25 inches at one cent per sheet.

Construction: Using the heart pattern, trace and cut out a hollow heart from the red paper.

From the corner of the napkin cut out a red rose.

Mount the hollow heart and the red rose on a square of the white drawing paper by means of two heart seals. The heart seals being mucilaged, no paste is necessary in the construction.

Material for valentine No. 2: Crêpe paper napkins in violet design. Five inch squares of white drawing paper. Heart-shape patterns. Paste. Any dainty little pictures.

Construction: Carefully cut out a number of violets from the napkin. Using the heart pattern, trace and cut out a heart from the white drawing paper. Paste the violets in a border around the edge of the heart and paste one of the small pictures in the center.

These valentines, being simple in design, can be made by children in the first grade.





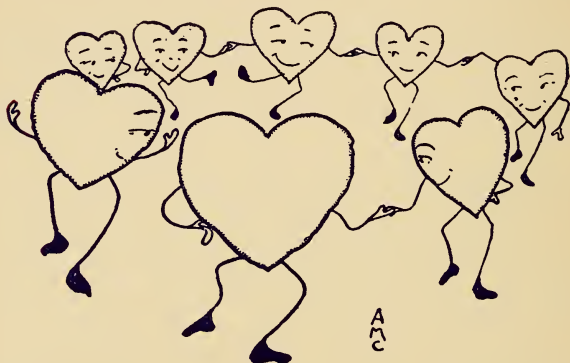
"SWEEPING WITH THE WIND."



VALENTINE DAY.

RUTH ELLIOTT IN PRIMARY EDUCATION.

While in the country one summer I heard the good old lady with whom I boarded call out to her young granddaughter, who was sweeping the kitchen floor, "Sweep with the wind, Janey! Sweep with the wind!" So Janey closed the windows towards which she was sweeping and opened those behind, thus getting help in-



stead of the resistance against which she had been working.

How many times we, in our school-rooms, "sweep against the wind" when we might gain considerable by "sweeping with it?" Not that it is always wise to go with the current, to follow the line of least resistance. But when there is no possible reason for not sweeping one way as well as another, why not "sweep with the wind?"

So, when Valentine's Day comes, and the children's minds are full of it, why not let that interest be the power





behind, to help along the work, instead of trying to "sweep against it?" Careless fingers will do their best writing, untidy workers will produce their neatest drawings if the result is to go home as a valentine to mamma.

I used to dread the approach of the day; wouldn't allow a valentine brought into the school-room; in fact, used to exhaust all my nerve force in "sweeping against the wind" on that day. But I have learned a better way. The night before, I say, "Children, we will have a valentine box on the table to-morrow, and John and Estelle, who are always so quiet and orderly, may be letter carriers and give out valentines just before the close of school. In the afternoon we will each make a valentine for mamma."

Morning comes, and with it valentines and happy faces. At noontime, after the children have gone, I look the box over and put in valentines, from my own stock, for the children who seem unlikely to get one.

Any inattention to work on that day is easily overcome by remarking that no one will want to be re-writing an untidy paper or doing unfinished work when the time comes for making the valentines; and surely no one will want to remain after school when there is so much fun going on outside.

"All forces are beneficent when properly employed; but the good thing when misdirected becomes what is commonly called evil," says Henry Wood.

Even the wisest teacher fails to employ to advantage all the forces prevailing in the school-room. We lose many an effect by allowing ourselves to be possessed with the pedagogical "don't" spirit. We needlessly arouse antagonism instead of "sweeping with the wind," to our own advantage and that of all concerned.



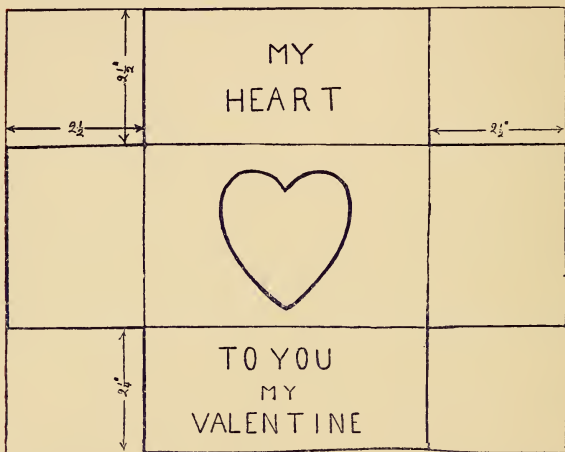


A SIMPLE VALENTINE.



EMMA GRAY, IN PRIMARY EDUCATION.

This design is very simple and intended for the babies. The paper used is eight by ten inches. The measurements are only for the teacher. For the little ones, the paper can be put in thirds, trimming the long edges, to give the appearance of the folded part of an envelope. Then fold



the ends to meet in the center. Cut out the corners and the envelope is finished.

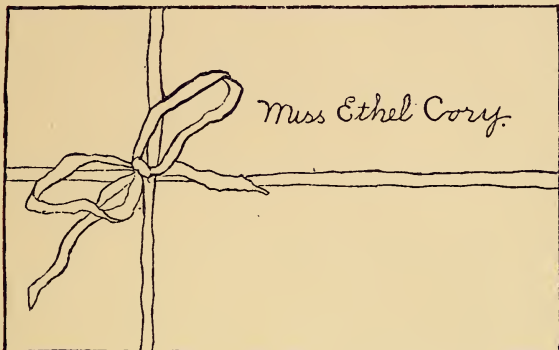
The teacher can fold a paper a number of times, cut out a number of hearts at one cutting. Cut them in two, and give each child a pattern; then the hearts will be uniform.

Have the children lay the straight edge of the half-heart to the folded edge of a square, and cut out the heart. For the little ones I would suggest that the teacher





work with the class and have them follow her one step at a time. The teacher can do the printing at the board, and



if necessary, have them do one letter at a time as she directs. No matter how crude the work, it will be cute, if done by small and untrained hands. Red is attractive to most children, but any color can be chosen for the heart and ribbon.



ST. VALENTINE'S MAIL.



T. CELESTINE CUMMINGS.

The children of Miss Laury's school enjoyed their St. Valentine's mail so much last year, that she was coaxed to give the scholars another treat of the same kind. Last year the mail box was a good-sized white pasteboard box, with slits cut in the side of it—wide ones for large valentines—and in conspicuous lettering, done with red paint and a tracery of gilt, were the words, "St. Valentine's Mail Box." As the children enjoyed that crude affair so much, Miss Laury had thought out a very attractive little post-office for this year, one in which Cupid





himself should hand out the mail, and this is how she made it.

On a small table covered with a piece of red muslin, with bows at each corner in front, stood a pasteboard box. The box stood up on end, with the uncovered top serving as an entrance for Cupid, the bottom of the box being the front of the post office. This is always unfinished, so it was cut away to within four inches of the edge all around and the cover placed over; then this was cut out, and ornamented with Cupid's symbols cut from red paper. They looked very pretty when pasted on the glossy surface of the white cardboard box. The lettering was done in black, with a finish of gilt tracery. The roof is a parasol frame covered with white crepe paper with a decoration of hearts. This little post-office is pushed close to the wall, and Cupid is not there when the mail is popped in the boxes in the morning, as the scholars arrive. But he is there ready to hand out any number of St. Valentine missives, as they are called for, when the one o'clock bell rings for the afternoon session; or this function might take place at the afternoon recess and school be dismissed after all the children have received their mail.

The Cupid that presided over Miss Laury's impromptu post-office was a little brother, four years old, who had never been to school before. He was smuggled into the post-office as secretly as possible, and when the children trooped in they were both surprised and delighted to see that Cupid had arrived, all smiles, fluffy hair, and a pair of the most approved style of wings, made from white chicken feathers, and attached to the shoulders of his red sweater.

The red paper hearts were cut from gloss paper, and while she was about it, Miss Laury cut these hearts by the quantity, so that she might have some to give each child to paste on their valentines. With a perfect pattern from cardboard placed on a dozen thicknesses of paper, and a sharp penknife to cut around the hearts clear to the board, it did not take long to cut out hundreds of hearts.





It would pay to even have this little heart model cut from thin wood, finely grained and sandpapered smooth, as you will then have a pattern that will always be useful for St. Valentine's Day, and perhaps for other occasions as well. This affair sounds elaborate in the description, but the materials that cost anything were only the crepe and gloss papers, amounting to thirty cents.

The happy children could not reach home fast enough, the afternoon before St. Valentine's Day, as their heads were full of "designs" for the mail box, that they were eager to materialize, and hat boxes, scrap bags, and other available places were inspected, for bits of lace, ribbons, and the like, and the nearby stores were besieged for lace paper, colored papers, anything and everything that would make up into "lovely" valentines. Not the least of these treasures were brightly colored transfer pictures of roses and other flowers, clasped hands, and other sentimental devices with verses written beneath.

Some of the older scholars, that could sketch slightly and had modern ideas of valentines, got up really pretty valentines, in which the teacher's pretty hearts figured conspicuously.

The verses on these valentines were simple little couplets like:

I'll stick to you
When others snub you.

Will you be my valentine dear
For all the months of the year?

Squares of paper were used—the unruled commercial writing paper—folded over, and fastened with sealing wax.

If Cupid is not blind, the result in handing out the valentines amounts to the same thing, as he cannot read, and the teacher stands at the side of the mail box and reads off the names as the valentines are handed to her, so that they immediately reach the right boys and girls. A boy or girl who could read printed lettering could easily assume the role of Cupid. He should have a babyish face, and of course wear the wings.





SUGGESTIONS FOR ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.



N. M. PAIRPOINT, IN POPULAR EDUCATOR.

February is the month of hearts and Cupid's darts and affection, in the celebration of good St. Valentine.

The custom of sending valentines is an old one.

Many years ago, on St. Valentine's eve, the boys and girls wrote each other's names on lacy squares of paper, and put them into a box.



Attached to each square was a long thread, which hung out of a slit in the box. Late in the evening the participants in the frolic were blindfolded, led to the box and invited to choose from the dangling threads.

The squares were carefully drawn out, and the person named became the valentine for the coming year.

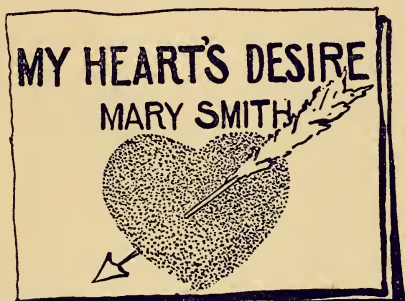




The devices to secure the right thread were many and ingenious. One enterprising youth tied knots in the girl's thread which he wished to secure, and carefully felt for it among the others. Even the girls were not above having extra long or noticeably short threads when sufficiently importuned.

The origin of the day is less certain than the customs. Part of the festivities are said to have come from the old Roman feast of Pan and Juno.

The Christian leaders, realizing the deep hold which the ancient feast had on the people, were politic enough to change the name of the day, but not the spirit.



St. Valentine, a kindly priest of the reign of Claudius, may or may not have enjoyed valentines, but his attending the feasts gave countenance to the customs.

A decree forbidding marriages was made at this time by the emperor and defied by Valentine, who secretly married the couples.

It is surmised that this also influenced the people in selecting his day as a fitting one for the honored love feast.

There is a great field of opportunity for teachers in this saint's day to put a rational and attractive gift in the place of what is often a very objectionable piece of personable abuse. The so-called "comic" valentine, often dear





to the boy's heart, has hardly a commendable feature. Instead of anything really humorous we have the coarsest of personalities and vulgar horse-play. They rank with the "comic" colored supplements of some Sunday newspapers, which are not desirable literature for right-minded children.

The spirit of the gift should be affection. If the comic is desired, a joke or conundrum helps cultivate a wholesome sense of good-natured fun, and not one that leads to hurt feelings or vulgar personal remarks.

The simplest form of all is the square or oblong sheet, with a quotation and a small heart or two, which can be previously cut and then traced around, or else a spray of flowers or leaves drawn under the quotations, forming a unit to finish the design.



A pretty, plain folder can be made with hearts forming a border around the edge, and the year and St. Valentine's day on the front page, with quotations on the third page, and a single heart on the last page, pierced with an arrow.

Another excellent way to finish the edge of a valentine is to cut a series of holes forming a lace pattern. This will need a little practice in deciding just where to place the holes so that they will form a connected pattern, and a little ingenuity in the way to fold the paper that the cut may be made on the edge of a crease. Quite elaborate borders may be arranged in this way, with a very light and delicate effect.

Another effective folder, and one that proves popular, is to fold a sheet of paper, then draw a large heart so one edge will still be attached. Cut around the heart

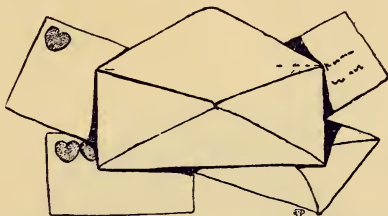




through both pieces of the folded paper, leaving the ties intact, and when you open you will find the two hearts hinged together.

A verse or quotation on the second one carries out the idea of a booklet, and an arrow on the first seems appropriate decoration. To make the little gift complete it should have an envelope to put it in, and to be able to make a presentable envelope easily is often a valuable accomplishment when it is sometimes impossible to buy one the size required.

Lay the valentine down on the paper for the envelope, and arrange for the laps to be large enough so that they will lay over each other and can be pasted. Fold the lap back so a line is formed running up toward the center. Do this on each of the laps, and cut them out and paste.



A heart should be painted in the upper left corner, where the sender's name is placed on business stationery.

A successful comic valentine can be secured that will yield a large amount of fun. Have a letter box prepared, with a place to drop the letters in. Then take a sheet of drawing paper and fold to make a folder of any desired size.

Place a large heart in the center, with an arrow through it, and above letter the words, "My Heart's Desire," and the name on the front cover.

Inside have each child write or print what he or she would rather have than any other thing in the world. Then drop the slips into the box.





After they are well shaken up let each child draw one and read the Heart's Desire. It is now the duty of each member of the class to try to gratify the wish of their valentine. If some one draws a paper with the wish for an automobile, let him search the newspapers and advertising pages of magazines for pictures of automobiles, and select the one he thinks best.

Cut out the picture and paste on the sheet opposite the wish, and if it is colored, so much the better. Also print the name of the giver.

Some will want sleds, some skates, some clothes; let each one be gratified. Now have envelopes made, and re-mail to the original sender.







The Prayer



*Ah God, for a man with heart, head, hand
Like some of the simple great ones gone
For ever and ever by,
One still strong man in a blatant land,
Whatever they call him, what care I,
Aristocrat, Democrat, autocrat—One
Who can rule, and dare not lie!*

—Tennyson.